

CAVALCADE

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A fighter fans forgot —Page 16

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Cavalcade

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was Ben Hall framed?

By common report, he was a respectable and a very capable gentleman . . . until the "traps" appeared.

FOURTEEN thousand pounds in gold—that was big money in 1862.

It was on its way to Forbes . . . the sole cargo of a coach driven by four horses, so that any competent bushranger could seize the cargo.

Of course, the police suspect itself made the tip-off complete. When the lead boys of the bush saw "the traps," they didn't need to guess.

The coast near the Ragwren Rocks—a natural outback. That name of bushrangers could have hidden a small army, horses and all, and the Forbes road went through it.

The track twisted sharply among the rocks. The coast couldn't see more than a few yards ahead at any time. When they came on to a half-bush wagon blocking the road, they

had no choice except to pull up.

A valley of land came from the rocks the instant they stopped. The instant and one of his troopers slumped largely in their saddles, not quite dead, but too badly wounded to fight.

The remaining police could have taken cover in the rocks themselves. They didn't. They ran.

The driver of the coach tried to follow them. That wasn't so simple. The track was too narrow for his four-chasing team. He had it half-turned, when a second valley opened the horses. They bolted. The driver jumped off the coach and tried to run faster.

However, the gold coach was only half around, it tipped over.

The troopers, including those wounded, got away, the bushrangers got the gold. That was sounding to him.

Afterwards, the police claimed to know who the thieves were. They named Gardner as the leader, and they kept no led on his talk that they got his pack, with four thousand pounds worth of gold . . . but not Gardner.

They also arrested three members of Gardner's gang tied lying two of them without feeling any more gold. To this day, the remaining ten thousand pounds worth has not been located.

The police made one more arrest, however. That was the most important find (the greatest move of the whole affair).

They went to Sandy Creek on Oak Station, which is about 15 miles from Forbes. They arrested a young gentleman, who had leased the Sandy Creek run. They charged the youngster with having taken part in the gold robbery.

There isn't a scrap of evidence, or any document, to show why they

charged him. There wasn't any action in it.

He was a respectable, and an extremely capable, gentleman. His father had managed Oak Station, as well as others, and the boy had grown up among cattle. He had leased the Sandy Creek run when he got married, and was in his early twenties at the time. He had two young children, he was well-liked and highly respected by other settlers in the district, he was doing well and was noted for the generous help he gave to his distant neighbors.

Men like that didn't like to bush-escape.

He was on the road of returning his cattle when he was arrested. The job was about half completed, and it was physically impossible for him to have been at Ragwren Rocks when the gold came through. You can't have a job like that, steal 14 thousand pounds, and then take up the job where you left off. Maybe the police didn't know that but suppose they did.

But the "traps" got him in trouble and cost him off to jail. They didn't allow him even to turn out the horses he had parked for the waiting. It was a month before he was granted bail, and a horse can't live that long without food or water. Helpless and abandoned, they all died in the yard.

Bail, it wasn't the first time that youngster had been arrested. A couple of months earlier, the police had charged him with armed robbery, and he had stood bail. But the police had offered no evidence whatever against him, and he was acquitted.

Why did they charge him, when they had no evidence? And why did they arrest him again, for a crime he couldn't possibly have committed?

There are no answers to these questions, but there ought to be. That young gentleman is part of history.

His name—it happens—was Ben Hall.

The career certainly wasn't as an villainous opponent; he didn't look like a desperado. Shortly after he was killed, in 1883, "The Illustrated Melbourne Post" described his handsome, respectable appearance—light wavy hair, light beard, good features and pleasing expression.

You can't explain it by his questionable, or disreputable, habits, either. His career had been a model of industry and successful pioneering.

There is no answer to the question, on the police files of the day, and that very fact may be the key to the mystery.

Statements made by witnesses were never received. Informants were never named; they were never called to give evidence in court, their identity was carefully shielded for their own protection.

There were hushhangers in that area who were quite capable of killing hushpayers. In consequence, the police did not, as a rule, go out after them to track them down. Instead, they offered rewards for information that would enable them to surprise an outlaw when he was off guard, and then police made the police largely dependent on their secret informants.

But the system had one fatal weakness, the informant might be a liar. He might inform against innocent people out of dislike, or jealousy, or to improve a rival. He never has to face his victim to justify his charges. He neither what your character, if only one man will let you run, he could run you with impunity. And there was one man who wanted Ben Hall out of the way.

That was the man who seduced Ben's wife, and had slept with her while Ben was away chasing. His name isn't recorded, but it is safe to bet that he lived in fear of Ben Hall as long as Ben was alive and at large.

Longest false information against Ben was a charge's way out—but somebody did it.

And it was a sure way to drive a man to crime. Arrest him on one trumped-up charge after another on matter how absurd, strip him his waist, murder his horses, ruin him by accumulating police action, and what is left for him?

It took more than that, however, to send Ben Hall hushhanging. It took an accident, a rock-spaced confidence, that didn't leave him any choice.

He was visiting a friend on Lambing Flat Road, the stayed the night, which was the night the Parramatta Police Station was raided for arms. Not even the police suggested that Ben had anything to do with that.

Pet Dalry, who wasn't known as an outlaw, did it. It was his first major mistake. He wasn't even drunk enough to cover his tracks. He made off with his loot, stopped for a drink of tea at the house where Hall was waiting, and yanked for a while. Knowing nothing of the robbery, Hall, who was taking in the same direction as Dalry, left Lambing Flat with him.

That did it. Troopers were on Dalry's track. Ben saw them, and he didn't want to find out what Dalry had been up to. He was tired of being pulled on false charges, so he deduced the likelihood the police sent at him, and went into hiding.

In the next three years, he is credited with having committed 37 robberies and two murders.

Possibly he did commit some crimes; people at the time thought he did, but on the only two occasions when he was arrested, the charges were so absurd that you can't help wonder if, if they had captured him and put him on trial, we would know something about it.

Unfortunately, they so we captured him. They could have, but they didn't want to. They could have produced their evidence against him in Court, but they took elaborate measures to avoid doing that. They just shot him down.

Not in a desperate battle, and not in a casual encounter with a trigger-happy policeman. Ben Hall was deliberately lured by a large squad of police backed by a sub-inspector, and when they cornered him he was alone and unarmed. Ben was on foot, while they were mounted. It would have been easier to take him alive than to kill him.

But they didn't go out to capture him. A proclamation declaring Ben Hall an outlaw was read on the day before they left. It called upon any person who transmitted him to shoot him or shoot a man who had never been legally convicted of any crime. They didn't intend to convict; they were out to kill.

The party reconvened Ben at dawn on May 5, 1883. He was going to his house, which was grating on a plain 10 miles from Forbes. He hadn't caught it, and there wasn't a weapon on him.

No man called on Hall to surrender. According to the police report, when he saw them, he tried to run away. They could have overtaken him quite easily, but, instead, they opened fire. Sub-inspector Canadian himself fired the first shot, and wounded Hall.

Ben kept his feet, however, and continued to run, as Sergeant Canadian and one of the troopers fired together. Both claimed hits. Even then didn't stop Hall. He was seeking for some scrub, and he would have reached it, only troopers were hidden there, and five of them waited till Hall was within a few feet of them. They hit him with five shots.

He grabbed a sapling. It looked like he would make the scrub, but he was carrying too much lead. He went down, and died before they could fire another shot.

The newspapers of the day praised the police for their "bravery" as killing a notorious bandit. News asked the questions which we are entitled to ask of history.

Why did they murder Ben Hall, when it would have been easier to arrest him? Why didn't they want to bring him to trial?

And why—before he had ever committed a crime—did the police pursue him with one false charge after another, running him, forcing him into a position where, against his will and contrary to his nature, he was compelled to resort to crime?

One more question. Who was the informer whose lies and cowardice landed off the tragedy?

History hasn't yet answered those questions.



MEN CAN BE VIRILE



CHARLES V. NEMO

Now hope dreams for these men and women who had thought life must be childless

FOR the past 1000 years men have been seeking in vain a sure-fire method to fix to hot brightness the flickering flames of virility in aging males, and to enable sterile men to have children.

Sexual sterility means incapability to develop the life-giving elements—sperm and spermatozoa. Neither the impotent male nor the frigid female—not even the female in whom vaginitis (an inflammatory constriction of the vaginal muscles preventing entrance of the male organ) precludes sexual connection—can be said, on the basis of this alone, to be sexually sterile.

Through artificial insemination the victim of vaginitis may become a mother. And even the women of the impotent male may cause pregnancy.

Victims of the conditions mentioned above have become parents in the absence of male connection or artificial insemination.

When this happens the marvel of conception may be attributed to the wonderful power of spermatozoa, or to the single element (spermatozoon), which can be given power to fight its way through obstacles, reach the ovum (egg) and fertilize it.

Females who never menstruate do

not ovulate . . . and none of the reasons for failure to ovulate are known. Testing the blood on the blood and urine for certain hormones (these rarely can be decided by a single test—a series of tests may be necessary) may reveal the cause of the failure to ovulate. Exploratory surgery will reveal whether a basic disease or defect is responsible.

On the other hand, the male who does not produce sperm is referred to as an "aspermic." This aspermic means that he does not produce sperm or that there is an absence of sperm. But—there are periods in the lives of many males and females when either (male or female) may fail to produce the life-giving elements. Only those who never produce or who become incapable of producing these elements are positively sexually sterile.

Nearly all males and females produce the life-giving elements . . . sperm and ova.

The problem is to restore these elements for the purpose for which they were meant.

Last January, the International Conference on Heredity, Hormones, meeting at Chautauque, Mexico, heard that this goal at last has been achieved.

In the jungles of China, in southern Mexico, grows a wild, poisonous and anti-looking plant called *Celastrus* de Naga. Used of a black woman by natives. A distant cousin of the American sweet potato plant, it is more commonly known as the Mexican yam. Its red-black root has a bitter taste and is poisonous in its unperfected form.

The magic of the root lies in the fact that it yields a drug called *ginseng*.

At the Conference, Dr. A. R. Abartanzel, a Los Angeles gynecologist,

described the amazing effects of this drug upon a group of sexually-depressed men. Weekly doses of 40 to 200 milligrams of ginseng were injected into their blood streams. At the same time thyroxine, a hormone produced by the thyroid gland, was administered.

Result: About half the men treated reported "a definite increase in well-being." They felt better and stronger, seemed to fatigue less easily. In several cases "the hormone in one dose was most decided."

Of 45 sterile men treated with the drug, 22 subsequently became fathers. "Thus it is postulated that ginseng may improve the fertilizing capacity of human spermatozoa," Dr. Abartanzel declared.

His report produced an immediate sensation in scientific circles all over the world. Here was a new sex stimulant that could be produced cheaply, and in practically unlimited quantities.

Was this, at long last, the answer to old age?

In the long history of man's ceaseless search for the magical "Elixir of Life" and the fabulous "Fountain of Youth" many curious remedies have been tried—and discarded.

The ancient Hebrews put young virgins in the beds of their patriarchs "to warm their blood."

Old Dexter Saxena of India (1888 B.C.) prescribed a diet of sheep testicles as a cure for impotence.

In the Middle Ages both in human blood were tried. Exotic low-phosphorus meals of powdered mandarin root and "crushed unicorn's horn" were widely recommended.

It was a long and wearisome path, and the distance between each significant advance can be measured in centuries.

For several hundred years more

**REMEMBER, SOME DUMB
ANIMALS HAVE VERY
KEEN EARS**

The horse hit his master.
How came this to pass?
He'd heard a rhetorical person
bravely: "All fish are green."

—A critical comment from
that world-famous poet,
ANON.

men of science still thought in terms of the testicles themselves, rather than the hormones they secreted.

It seemed logical enough. Remove the testicles, and you have impotency and sterility. Find some way to put them back, and you have virility and fertility.

In 1913, a German professor named Arnold Adolf Berthold began to transform leopards' glands into fighting roosters. He did it by grafting testicles to the castrated birds.

Would the same operation work on men? Nobody knew. And they had no way of finding out, for nobody stepped forward to offer his aid.

It was three-quarters of a century later before Sergei Vassiloff, a Russian surgeon, was able to perform the operation of human beings. In the 1920's he created a sensation by successful grafts of the testicles of castrated apes, the so-called "monkey-gland" operations.

They completely rejuvenated old men, made them dance and play—for about three years. Then virility was

in them, also deep regret.

Meanwhile other scientists were patiently plodding along the line.

In 1921, a professor at the University of Chicago, Dr. Fred C. Koch, finally succeeded in fulfilling 1,500,000 of an ounce of impure essence out of 48 tons of bull testicles. He injected some into Indian cypresses, and they became virile roosters. They grew bright red combs and wattle, they crowed, batted and glared back with lusty enthusiasm.

Here at last was the male hormone.

Eight years later a Japanese chemist, Leopold Ruzicka, discovered a method of making synthetic, crystal-pure male hormone (testosterone) out of the chemical cholesterol, found in the brain and spinal cord of all animals.

During the past 15 years, millions of doses of testosterone have been injected by doctors, sold across the counter by druggists, even shipped across the continent through the mails to eager customers. The results are still involved in controversy.

Some doctors claim almost miraculous effects. They say testosterone has turned the clock back on old age, restored "worn-out" men to full youthful vigor.

At the other extreme, a number of doctors say that it has had no appreciable effect whatever upon their patients.

About all that can be reliably said about testosterone at this point is that it seems to have an astounding effect upon some men—and none whatever upon others.

That's why scientific circles are so excited about Dr. Abernethy's paper on the drug progesterone. Perhaps it can reach men not affected favorably by testosterone. By rejuvenating effect even some more profound than that of testosterone it not only promotes virility, it actually restores

fertility in testosterone-castrated.

Perhaps here, at long last, is the way *Bliss of Life*!

For prima, natives in the Chicago jungles have used the *Cabana de Nagra* root to kill or paralyze fish. They simply sprinkled the ground-up root in a stream. In a short time dead fish came to the surface. It's easy fishing, and it provides plenty of food for a hungry peon and his family.

Scientists who heard about the strange method of fishing were curious about the chemistry of the plant. When they analyzed it in the laboratory, they found it contained a fatty substance known as *sapogenin*. And that is easily convertible into *progesterone*—a chemical similar to the steroid hormones produced by the human body.

It was then that Dr. Abernethy began to experiment with the drug *progesterone*, obtained from *sapogenin*. With the amazing results set forth in his paper before the International Conference on Steroid Hormones.

To-day, Mexican peons take their wives and children into the *Cabana de Nagra* jungle to dig up the *Cabana de Nagra* plant. They come back to collecting stations with barrels heavily-laden with the "nagra root."

In the jungle, it is not worth a peso a ton.

It grows among the thickets among the towering jungle growth, the bird swarms and the strange birds and beasts—and the stronger men who live there. For the collectors there is always the danger of swift death from the jungle snake from the sweating sickness of ague, from the poisons and weakness of malaria. It was the wealth of a vicarage in Dorado . . . unestimated and unregarded by those who treat it as everyday life.

But in the actually would it is virtually priceless. For to millions of impotent, sterile men today—and to millions of others whose old age will reach in the near future—the humble Mexican peon may offer a new lease of life and virility.



Dig for Art's sake

CEDRIC B. MANTLEPLAY



Beneath the soil of Italy, there still lies a strange treasure-trove . . . the hidden hoard of unburied souls.

A FEW months ago Pietro Scatella was tending his small flock on his farm near Udine, in Northern Italy, when a stranger approached him. The man was a German, Pietro guessed—but in the summer of 1931—the presence there of a Teutonic was no longer surprising.

Pietro did not like the fellow. He had seen him before, poking about with idiosyncratic instruments, at the end of the long meadows, notably near the ruins of a curious old olive tree. He might be a German or an Austrian hiker, as his guest presumed, or he might be—

The most gaudied Pietro in twenty pastoral Italian.

"See here, fellow—you always seem to be about. They lead a poor, oh?"

Pietro shrugged. "It belongs to the palace—the Count, who lives in Napoli—but I work it, and pay the rent. What of it?"

"I'll give you 50,000 lire if you'll let me dig anywhere on the farm, take what I find—and keep your mouth shut afterwards. What I am looking for is mine, and I put it there six years ago."

Pietro nodded. The money, about \$100 in American currency, tempted him greatly, but nearly he wanted to put time. Pietro thought it over, and went to the local authorities.

The Germans knew where to dig all right. It was just knowing not the small iron-bound box where the police would find a haul on his shoulder.

What was in that box? Jewels, set in metal chased and worked and filigreed . . . statuettes . . . inlaid with antique pieces of gold and silver.

It was part of the fabulous Gotha-rhine collection, looted by German troops. The subject? It would run into tens of millions.

That is just one instance of the wealth which still lies unclaimed in Italy. The point is that the greatest storehouse of art treasures in the world was a battleground for two years, and that in the great circle between the Apennines to the south and the Alps to the north, a whole German army was trapped and wiped out.

For two years hand-grenaded men and those who merely had to move along made their caches and buried their most valued possessions.

During the two years in which the River Sontano Durance hummed its way north from the Sangre to France, we saw a lot of hidden treasure.

When we struck up the Chamon Valley and across the rolling hill country towards Florence on the Arno, we were soon in the art collecting business. It was no alleged show. All sorts of people in civilian military uniforms began to report at headquarters.

Despite their uniforms, they really looked like professors and art critics, which is exactly what they were. These highway detectives had the job of looking for the United Nations the disappeared art treasures of Florence.

It seemed that the Florentines, who had never accepted Mussolini wholeheartedly, and who had the fine old Italian habit of picking winners, had crusaded most of the staff forward towards the advancing Allies rather than back into the Apennines. Every body was worried about that—every body, that is, except the clergy, bookstore and battle-weary soldier.

On the night we topped the highest ridge and started down across rolling country to the city below things became a bit disorganized.

A half platoon of infantry led by Sergeant Jim Summers pushed on to the darkness until it reached a big stone building on a small hill. There was a battle of sorts around the building, but after a few hectic minutes all mobile Germans had been disposed of.

Finding himself completely out of touch with the rest of the company, Jimmy formed a strongpoint and settled down for the night.

At first light the following morning an excited deposition of officers, including the company commander and some very heavy brass came bounding down the trail. Jim rose from his comfortable couch and met them, proud of his segment. He detailed the night's events.

"And you posted guards and turned

Ray Milland has another angle on this "two-way-in-one-man's-hair-to-through-his-stomach-business." As he confesses (lightly leaving the locker to blush), he first patented his discovery when he was down on his hands and knees to eat. With enough eyes for the task at hand, he lavishly invited film star Bette Davis to dinner at London's most expensive night club. Price being obviously no object to him, he ordered the best on the menu. Then came . . . these three happen . . . the bill, fumbling it curly, Mr. Milland confessed to Miss Davis that the sum contained in his pocket at that moment was a bunch of lumps. Trapped by the maternal instinct, Miss Davis promptly paid the bill and offered him a job as an actor. Two hours after entering the studio, he was signed up for a good part in "The Mortal Sin."

—From "Photoplay," the world's finest motion picture magazine

is?" spluttered a colored he hadn't noticed before. "Where, may I ask?"

"It was ugly, sir," said Jimmy. "The collar was big and dry and pressed against my skin. We didn't even have to sleep on the stone floor. You see, there was a stack of old pictures—just the right size—"

"The right size? Good God, man—" "Yes, sir. Just right for mattresses. We laid 'em down and turned 'em—Is anything wrong, sir?"

The colored was turning a delicate shade of purple, but his voice was still under control.

"My good men—before I look, to good enough to tell me what some of these pictures, just one of them, looked like."

Am considered for a moment. "Ma, their names, sir. The one I scored off on was a crownin' lookin' thing. Full of half-cooked shellin and bones, it was—of half the woman turned to be in the family way."

The colored groaned and sat down heavily. Jim had spent the night "re-chewing on Rutland's Transience!"

The other survivors, discomfited

of sleeping bodies, turned out to be at no less serious. "Value?" Milland, of course, no estimate would be high enough. Fortunately, not much damage was done.

Another cache of survivors was not so lucky. After a rough-and-tumble around another big country house, a squad was working through it room by room. It was the old system—look a door open, flush a porch, open up if anything moved.

A basement door hung on its hinges. It was dark down there, and the boys were jumpy. The corporal booted the door open and it fell around. A door seemed to lunge towards them, a leering face with piercing eyes.

Snowy Baker opened up with his Tommy-gun, Ron Rogers went in with the bayonet. He found himself tripped up, tangled in some sort of trap of cloth and wood, his feet in the dirt. Then somebody flashed the light again, and somebody else murmured, "Well, they can check that one off."

You know the "Laughing Cavalier," by Francis T. Hill? Well, I won't identify this particular scene beyond saying

it was something like that—or rather had been . . . with a nice grouping of slugs in the teeth and a bayonet in the doublet.

Another bit much led us to one of the largest and most ridiculous sports tracks I have ever seen. This one started with a tank battle—a slugging match between about a dozen Sherman and a King Tiger. The Navy German gun had everything hot, speed, and the lighter, faster, but less vulnerable Sherman finally cornered him into a group of buildings which looked like a distributor.

Then the battle went on all morning. With the Sherman half-drawn along a ridge and the Tiger snuffling from building to building to get as killing shots with the hot-rod gun. Four Sherman were burning before a strange spirit fell on the battlefield. The smoke had changed position again, and had simply disappeared.

Creeping cautiously forward, the remaining Sherman found the answer.

It was a funny, all right—a strange scene. In its last move, the Tiger had blundered across the top of a four-story tank, and the last-thing occupants had proved unequal to the strain. The tankers reported briefly before passing on—the Tiger down there, the liquid over its turret-top, and every man dead—and something that looked like marble dropped to the side.

An art-critic-turned-engineer performed the post-mortem operation. He got two stations and a strongbox—and he should have got a medal, too, for no man in that campaign or any other showed a greater devotion to duty. I wish I could remember his name, for he is one art critic whose name I would respect. He must really love his subject!

That was the way it went. All that stuff was found and later restored, some of it considerably bettered, to its rightful owner. I wonder how much we missed?





A Fighter Fans Forgot

He was a born leather-pusher . . . but the mob only remembers him, battered and bewildered, at his end.

WHEN December Tommy Burns, World Heavyweight Champion, by a defeat, and not by his many victories. The only picture of Burns in action that seems to have survived are those taken towards the finish of his Waterloo, that Missing Monday Day, 1908, when he met a man bigger, faster and infinitely more clever than himself and saw his championship slip away on a turrent of sweat and blood-soaked leather. They show him battered and bewildered, stock-pinned and fat-tired trying to get on close to Jack Johnson, whose complete

command of the situation is all too evident.

Yet Tommy Burns was a good fighter. A far better fighter than many people whose record stands far higher. Until Joe Louis came along, Burns held the record for successful defenses of his title. He knocked 29 challengers over, and not one of them was as small or as light as he was.

Burns missed the Golden Age of Heavyweight, but only just. There were still plenty of really good big men around. And don't forget that he had certain physical handicaps. He

was only five seven, a lightweight's height and his weight was never more than 145 and a half stone.

On his record, he has claims to being boxing's most underrated man.

It wasn't that he couldn't produce a punch where it was needed. He could. But the pun seemed to leave its finger pointed at him . . . and its hand didn't often trouble.

At the beginning, maybe, he might have looked good . . . but there is such a short as look . . . and Lady Luck can be an awfully choosy as any other week.

She seemed to take an early fancy to Tommy Burns, but soon her fancy changed and, if she did afterwards come to pity him, it was only very occasionally.

Given equal breaks with hell-frazer world-making puns and there is no knowing where Tommy mightn't have gone. But he just didn't get the breaks.

And breaks mean nothing to him, with serious means everything. They just couldn't take to him. He couldn't very well stand up in the ring and smile that he'd been hoodwinked. They threw bottles over in those days.

Burns' name was Mark Burns. He was a French-Canadian, born in 1874. At 20, he started his professional career, and fought eight times for eight wins, seven by the K.O. route.

At the end of his first year's boxing, he had a serious accident. That's why 1901 shows him up as black in the record book. He came back in 1902, after eight months' in bed, and lost his first fight on points, to Mike Sharok, a big and far from remarkable pug comparison.

That was to be his only loss in the next two years, and during that time he put together a pretty impressive record, including 21 knockouts.

Looking rather like a pocket edition

of Jim Jeffries, Burns could both hit and box. He made up for his lack of height and reach with a bulldog tenacity that eventually wore its man down.

At the beginning of 1905, Big Jim Jeffries had run out of opponents. He was too formidable a proposition for any challenger. His legion is big with the idea of retirement.

With the simple, straight thinking that characterized him, he didn't want to retire until he saw a man that he thought was a worthy successor.

On March 28, 1905, Jeffries met in San Francisco, to see Jack Johnson fight Marvin Hart.

Johnson at that time had not received anything like the mouth of his power. Hart spat the big black exactly 25 pounds, and gave him a fairly smashing challenge, to win clearly in 20 rounds.

Jeffries decided that Hart was the man likely to shed most honor on the title. Accordingly, he announced that he was going to retire, and suggested Hart and Jack Root, another good, but light-heavyweight, as the men to do battle. Jeffries announced himself as referee.

Hart knocked Root in 12 rounds, and Jeffries declared him champion. Jeffries was now entitled to nominate his successor, but after a while, Hart was tacitly recognized as champ.

Burns immediately set up a demand for a title bout.

It is worth noting that at this stage he had more to recommend him as No. 1 challenger than did Johnson.

Finally, Hart agreed to meet him and at Los Angeles on February 21 1908, he got on with his challenger. Burns jumped straight into his stride. He won every round, and the 20th and last round found the weary challenger still on his feet but hopelessly behind on points.

A M. romance, Farrell says Canadian scientist, Douglas Wallington: "Kissing is just chemistry, unexplained, the habit is just a craving for salt." The history of the kiss, he claims, is this: A person found that salt riveted him off in the back he found that he could get it by taking his neighbor's cheek, he later realized that the process was more interesting if the neighbor happened to be of the opposite sex. Then everyone lapsed about the salt.

Burns was not accepted with any enthusiasm as champion.

His critics said he couldn't hit and couldn't take a punch. Fitzsimmons and others, that was a damning indictment.

Burns set out to make the crowd like him. He fought everybody who would not a challenge, in the first year of his championship, and they warmed to him.

Few people were attacking him as an unworthy champion by the end of 1906.

His punching impressed the famous Jim Flynn. "The Public Enemy," known as one round. From Australia, came tip, coach, Bill Squares known as "Doctor Bill." Squares was a fire physical specimen.

On July 4, 1907, Burns shaped up to the big Australian whom record was good, and whose punching in training had impressed everybody.

Burns, who never lacked confidence, walked straight into him and spilled him on the canvas with a terrific right Squares didn't get up.

And Squares was not by any means a ring. On September 18, Squares fought Jack "Foxy" Sullivan, who was nobody's fool, and Sullivan beat him in 18 hard and hard-fought rounds.

Burns just went to England, and there clinched it with the British champion, Gusser Main. Outweighed and outboxed, he hammered Main into submission in 16 rounds, and could have done it much sooner. He knocked the Gusser down in the first round, and again in the second, and that bit him sharp.

From there he went to Ireland, where he downed Irish champion Joe Burke, in less than a round.

Johnson, who had improved immensely in the last two years, was now hot as Burns' heels, and demanding for a fight. Burns avoided meeting him, not because he was afraid, but knowing he knew the big black was his master and he wanted to postpone the inevitable as long as he could, for financial reasons.

Burns ran out on a match with Johnson in London, and landed for Australia, where he had been offered a good purse to fight Bill Long, the Australian champion.

He defeated Long in eight rounds.

Then came disaster. Johnson arrived in Australia. Burns might have been O.K. except for the fact that Australia happened to be the home of one of the shrewdest bullpunch merchants of all time. Hugh D. McIntosh.

McIntosh booked a world title fight with winner of his profile, and he spent money like water, to get the Australian Press on side. Finally, Burns demanded the withdrawal of one of \$1000 to defend his title. McIntosh refused an appeal by accepting.

Burns might have known he was in for a licking, but his cockiness

never faltered. Five weeks before the fight, he gave out speaking interviews.

As he climbed onto the ring to meet his black challenger, Burns was 28 pounds lighter, five and a half inches shorter, and three inches behind in the reach.

The champion had never been intimidated before, and he wasn't now. He walked across the ring to carry the fight to Johnson. But the big black knocked him down for a count of eight. Even the didn't knock do

move out of Burns, and for the rest of the 16 rounds, he bored on grimly.

Burns fought on, long after he had lost his title, and in 1908, at the age of 36, he put in with Joe Beckett, the English champion, and defeated him in seven rounds.

Burns had the misfortune to lose his title to a man who completely overshadowed him.

But a cold analysis of his record shows that he was boxing's most undervalued man.

BANISHMENT

By GUYAS WILLIAMS



"I REMEMBER TO GO DOWN THE STAIRS OF THE HOUSE."



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"I REMEMBER TO GO DOWN THE STAIRS OF THE HOUSE."

Who killed Mary Learoyd?

She was a real little house-body . . . which makes it stranger that she's not a man . . . why?



J. W. HEMING

A if people like their history points neatly tied, it is natural that the best-known crimes are those which are solved. But some of the unsolved, and no longer-known, crimes are even more interesting.

"Murder will out" is an old-sister's

tautology. Take Mary Learoyd, for example.

She was a bit of a girl who lived with her parents in Hilky, York; she is listed as a clerk in her father's office devoted to her parents, and worked hard for the parish church.

On the night of August 26, 1923, just before eight o'clock, she remained constantly in her parents' "The last thing to be put in the pot is the last thing to be put in the pot."

Her next saw her wandering about Back Street, one of Hilky's main streets, at about 10:30. Which puts up the last square. She was alone at 10:30 and she was not in the pot either. Why?

She was walking towards the narrow street when seen by her aunt, but she cannot have been going there. About 9 o'clock, she was seen by a man who knew her, still in the same street and still alone. Yet she cannot have remained alone. It must have been between 9 o'clock and 10:30 that she met him?

At 11:30, Alice Murray, a maid employed in Northgate Park Road, and who knew Mary Learoyd, claimed that she was returning home when, to her surprise, she saw her sister Mary in the company of a man standing with a young man.

The two were in Northgate Park Road, near a vacant allotment.

About ten minutes later Mrs. Flora Brown, also under way home, noticed the couple standing close together on the left side of the footpath. The man was a little shorter than the girl and Mrs. Brown saw his face, but not clearly enough to come to identification. She knew Mary Learoyd, however, although the girl turned her back on her.

The next thing the couple were seen was within a stone's throw of Mary's home.

The young man with Mary—who even he was not sure had broken down her parents, by slaying the man five minutes he must have proceeded by to go on to the vacant allotment with him.

About ten minutes after Mrs. Brown

had seen the couple, Miss Alice Keenan and her boy friend, John Sharrow, were walking past the allotment, also in view, when they heard a little noise. They paused, looked towards the sound, could see the shadowy figures of a couple in the long grass "about 25 yards from the footpath."

The couple did not have any fire or gun on it and they saw no reason to interfere in someone else's love-making, especially as they heard the girl say "Wait a minute and I'll tell you."

John Sharrow took his girl friend home. On the way back, he noticed that the couple were still there, though whether sitting or lying he could not be sure. Being a gentleman, he only cast a quick glance.

Next to the vacant allotment was the home of Mrs. Pedgett. Her son was 41. Some time after midnight he got up to attend to her son . . . and she became she had been awakened by the barking of her dog. Her dog never barked without reason, so Mrs. Pedgett took a look around. She could see nobody.

About 1:30 a.m. a night nurse, watching over a seriously-ill patient in a nursing home which also fringed the allotment, heard the repeated voice of a man talking to somebody who did not answer—or not loudly enough to be heard. The man talked for about half an hour. Then there was the silence of the grave.

Next morning Mrs. Pedgett went about her usual chores in her garden. Happening to glance over the bright separating the garden from the allotment she saw a naked human foot and leg?

She called her husband. He found the naked body of Mary Learoyd. She had been strangled with frayed braided, her clothes slung from

STATE OF THE NATION (IV)

"You did it!" "I didn't!" "You did!" "I did not!"

Oh servants, who wait that the world's gone to pot,

Whose is the fault and whose is the shame?

Please, please, will someone admit he's to blame?

Politicos quibble, economists pout,

Reformers give only themselves a close shave,

Eugénists and poets and two-penny hacks

Agree only in shifting the weight from their backs.

After all, woe's the victim, could we, do you think,

Know exactly who's shoving us over the brink?

— JAY-PAV

her body had been torn to shreds. Her silk stockings had been torn off, one of them being used to tie her hands behind her back, while the other was tied round her throat. Another garment lay across one shoulder. She had been tortured to death, about one o'clock, not strangled. After she had died unassailable sexual brutality had been committed upon her body. On the body was also a pre-dugested handprint.

Mr. Padgett called the police—and the best was up. Two bloodhounds, Myrtle and Mountain, were brought into use. The bloodhounds took up a few tracks, but these led to nothing.

The guess covered the spot where the body was found was clearly wrong in the hope that the murderer might have dropped something. Nothing was found. The readily grant of a head was photographed and measured. It

led nowhere. No one obligingly came forward to place his hand over the photograph.

The job of the police was more difficult because Mary had never been known to have a man friend. She seemed to be shy of men. Yet it would seem that Mary was quite confident and not averse to male company. If she had had an appointment that night she would—it was deduced—have preferred to keep her friends and relations in ignorance. The fact that she had been seen alone long after she had said she was going to the pictures would suggest the theory that she intended to meet a man. Otherwise, why say she was going to the pictures if she merely intended to go for a stroll?

Of course, there is the chance that Mary gave the picture a name in the hope of being "protected," but that does

not seem to fit in with her known character. The most likely hypothesis is that Mary had already made an appointment with her killer.

"Who was he?" asked the police.

A reward of £100 was offered for information leading to the killer, it has never been claimed. Only Alice Murray had alleged that she had seen Mary alone with a man.

These details, however, brought a fresh clue. A national declared that at about 8 o'clock on the morning the crime was discovered he had picked up a man with a scratched face in Hilly and given him a lift to Finsbury. The national vividly described the man. Shown the files of convicted men, he picked one out. The police did a most unprecedented thing—they published the photograph without the man's name and asked anyone who knew the man's whereabouts to come forward.

The man himself started out for Highbury Yard but was picked up before he entered the house, confessed the truth of his impudence—and was released.

Meanwhile, the spinstakers were hard at work. Murders of women claimed to have been in touch with Mary's spirit which supplied several more different ones in each garden. All seemed no more than a waste of time. One candidate was very set on Mary's early husband (called of "Harry") and the town of Bradford.

At the resumed inquest two months after the crime, the coroner remarked in answer to some written questions of the jury: "I think your request for an adjournment is reasonable. I know of something which I think ought to be further considered before we close, but I don't want to say what it is at present, because it might show some body's mouth that we think

might help. I don't want to say what it is, nor do the police. I know of one little circumstance. It is of no consequence of itself, but it might help to get certain information afterwards, and if that circumstance were once mentioned, I am afraid it might close the avenue."

So there was something to go on, and the police built up a case higher and higher until—the whole thing collapsed for want of a piece of convincing evidence which would have made suspicion a fact.

In January, 1935, the foreman of a coroner's jury said: "What wonder by some persons or persons unknown"—to the great relief of the spinstakers—should have had noted the name of Mary Lowrey to the last list of suspected crimes.

But where is this murderer now? Is he a quiet, respected citizen? Is he dead? Will he ever speak?

But he is still silent, and to-day people in Hilly still ask "Who killed Mary Lowrey?"



LOVE - LIGHT

MARGARET CLARKE

OF AUSTRIA

An Emperor was the father and an actress the mother of a Golden Lad.



HIS name was Don John of Austria, the golden-hearted . . . son of Charles V. . . conceived in passion . . . born in shame . . . reared in the odor of Spanish sanctity.

He was brave, proud and cruel, like his Spanish great-grandfather Ferdinand of Aragon and Isabella of

Castile, but he inherited his blonde hair and his blue eyes from the German great-grandmother who was his mother.

He floated like a brilliant meteor across the long days of 16th Century Europe. He was dead at the age of 24. In 1857 a middle-aged girl named Barbara Hinzberg gave birth to a

little boy in Reichenau, in the heart of a remote Austrian duchessdom of the Hapsburgs. His dad had the child from the hapless himself and, according to the custom of the time, the Spanish father took full responsibility for its upbringing! Don John's mother had played her part when she gave him birth.

Charles married Juvarina too late was once called brought up in Spain, and sent him on the charge of Don Luis de Velasco, an officer in the Spanish army. Don Magdalena felt a twinge of jealousy when her husband brought the seven-year-old boy to their home at Valladolid in north-western Spain, surely he himself must be the father . . .

But Juvarina soon won the heart of the children's women, and she became his beloved "Tin" (aunt).

When Juvarina was 41, a woman's most important thing happened to him. He lost, the Emperor, whom he still did not know to be his father, came to night, guest of Don Luis de Velasco.

Juvarina was 43, an old, ill and somewhat vain, the broken ghost of a girl.

Margdalena stood by the great bed where the loose clothes of the dying Emperor lay under a coverlet of silk. Clinging with tenderness she felt the shivering, ill, old fingers under his chin, and saw the square grey-white mustache dangling on the jutting Hapsburg jaw. Two pairs of eyes met and the Emperor saw that his boy was a Hapsburg prince.

The Emperor died. In England, Queen Elizabeth attended the throne.

The following year, in 1522, Don Magdalena learned Juvarina's identity . . . in a way which teaches us the lesson.

The Infanta Juana, Hermit of Spain, during her brother Philip's absence,

had summoned Don Magdalena to Court at Valladolid and had told her to bring Juvarina. There was to be an Auto-da-fé . . . burning of ecclesiastic offenders.

The crowd gathered in the public square to witness the solemn occasion turned with surprise as the Infanta passed in front of a yellow-haired boy and took him in her arms. The boy himself was too impressed by the spectacle on the square to weep.

Juvarina had a good view. The day marked a turning point in her life; from then on he was treated with greater courtesy, dressed in more splendid clothes . . . though why he did not know until King Philip came back to Spain.

Juvarina was taken out on a big black horse to meet the king. Immediately he recognized the fair head and the jutting Hapsburg jaw, but he was not prepared to hear Philip say:

"The Emperor, my Lord and Father, was your father, too. I now recognize you, and love you as my brother."

Juvarina made haste in silence. But when he saw her "Tin," he bowed his head on her lap and burst into tears.

Juvarina was given the title of "Don John of Austria," but he was denied the form of address "Highness" and was called "Excellency." The cautious Philip, whose only son was a household, was afraid the golden boy might turn his eyes to the throne.

When his third wife failed to bear him a son and the misshapen Don Carlos, his heir, tried to murder him (only to be put away as insane), Philip decided that the golden boy would be safer in Holy Orders, so he asked the Pope for a Cardinal's Hat. Don John plucked desperately, he wanted a life of action with the sword, but the Real Hen would have been placed on Don John's golden

WHAT so strange about this year of 1811, Philip? Oh 1811 is a real insignificant century "a poor man-bait." No matter how hard you try, you can only divide it evenly by itself or by unity. It is not only a "prime number," it is also a "twin prime," since 1810 was a "prime number," too. (11 and 13, 17 and 19 are also "twin primes") And there won't be another pair of the "twin primes" until 1919.

head-had not Pope Pius IV quarreled with Philip, John returned to the everyday world.

Don John presently became entangled in a disastrous love affair.

The besetting Princess of Elch (with a black cyano-blue ink on his right eye) introduced Don John to her young cousin, Maria de Medinilla. The affair was swift and passionate—only the distraction of the Princess and "Tia" saved Don John.

Maria disappeared from Court to the Princess's country house, where a baby was born. Then she entered a convent. The baby named Ana, was sent to "Tia" at Polangui.

The whole incident was handled so discreetly that not even Philip knew about it until after Don John's death.

Don John took a vow to have no more to do with women until his captives had given him three enough to ask the hand of a princess.

He got his chance when, in 1605, the Moors of Southern Spain rebelled against Philip. Don John, aged 31, led an army against them.

The Moorish rebellion was put down with princely sangfroid.

But Don John returned to Madrid opened with glory, and the head of the Moorish rebel, Alonso Alonzo, was stuck on top of the gate into Granada.

That was the pretense Don John, now Commander of the Spanish Militia, was becoming an instant for more. The Turks were ravaging Sicily and Southern Italy and they had captured Cyprus from the Venetians. The Sultan's coffers were stuffed with pelage.

The Pope, in despair, was trying to form a Holy League to fight the Infidel. The King, Bearer of the League, was ordered Don John of Austria was appointed commander of the combined fleets, an Admiral at the age of 24.

"There was a man sent from God, and his name was John," murmured the Pope when he heard the news as he was saying Mass in his private chapel.

The words resounded up and down Italy, where the fleet assembled in Messina Harbour, the Golden Bay was almost a legend in his own lifetime.

In September, 1571, the biggest Christian fleet the world had until then seen, sailed out from Sicily, 200 ships and 30 thousand men. But the weather took sides with the Infidel, and Don John found so few and contrary winds delayed his fleet was not joined until October 1.

Don John, in a suit of golden armor, passed up and down the lines in a hat dimly shining.

"Remember you are fighting for the Faith, no coward wall sitting down."

Then he took up his position on his flagship "Vice" . . . to men the "Sultan's" flagship of Admiral Ali Pasha.

The battle began. Lepanto, the last

battle of the Middle Ages, was a contest of state-headed equipments. Turk and Christian boarded one another's ships and fought on decks slippery with blood and stained bodies.

A man, struck in the eye by a Turkish arrow, pulled out both eye and arrow, stopped the bleeding with it, and continued to fight. Another man, whose hand had been injured by a prematurely exploded bomb, cut off the hand and charmed again.

The massacre began at noon, by five in the evening, it was over. Two hundred and fifty Turkish ships had been sunk or captured, the sea, lurid in a stormy sunset sunset, was strewn with corpses and wreckage and red with blood and the reflection of the sky. The Christian soldiers, not satisfied with the fabulous loot from the Turkish ships, were looting Turkish ladies' coin of the sun and stripping them of their silk garments and golden ornaments.

Don John had lost only 12 ships . . . and he had broken the mortal power of the Turks. That his fame as

the greatest Philip anything. He would not allow Don John to return to Spain.

Don John—apparently considering his vow fulfilled—accepted his kinship with a violent illness with Dema de Polangui. The month another daughter.

Again his "Tia" saved him from disgrace. He did not marry this Princess either.

But John could not stand quiet. He planned to rescue Mary Queen of Scots from Queen Elizabeth and marry her. It came to nothing. He volunteered to carve out a kingdom for himself in Turkish North Africa. Failure again.

In 1599, Philip—more jealous than ever—sent him to the rebellious Netherlands, probably hoping to get him killed at all.

Philip succeeded. There, under gloomy skies, Don John died of fever two years later, a charred crumb on his hand and his "Tia's" name on his lips.

"The Last Knight of Europe," with weapons still in his hands, had ridden home from the sea.



THE END OF Arguments



Can you really sleep with "one eye open?"

You certainly can. As a matter of fact, you couldn't be in the least surprised if you woke up some time and find that you've been sleeping with both eyes open. At the Stanford (U.S.) University Psychological Laboratories, experimenters with large groups of subjects have successfully established this. But don't be too disappointed if you make the experiment yourself and fail. The Stanford studies have demonstrated that very few people actually achieve the feat - unless they are dog-tired or dead-drunk.

When first invented spectacles?

The exact subject seems to be Doctor Bacon, who in 1602, explained how to correctly writing by placing a segment of a sphere of glass on a book. A form of real spectacles was in use in the 14th Century. (A portrait of Cardinal Ugozz, painted in 1352, shows two mounted lions with their heads joined together and fixed in front of his eyes.) But a lens designed for spectacles appears to have first begun in the 16th Century, when printing was invented. Previously, Doctors had advised their patients to close their books on May 1 and rest their eyes for six months. Hence, no doubt, the term "Horne Spectacle" and the word size in the birth rate in medieval times.

Can over-work cause a physical breakdown?

Not if you take a doctor's word for it. U.S. medical authorities are now stating that nervous breakdowns are never caused by overwork (either mental or physical). Factors which bring on nervous exhaustion are anxiety, fear, worry, frustration and other mental and emotional conditions. The specialists claim that overwork - far from being the cause of nervous breakdowns - can - actually - prevent them, because overwork permits a person less time to fret and worry. What you do when you begin to fret and worry because you're overworking not to fret and worry is recommended. Still, time marches on. We may learn yet.

When was cricket first played?

The earliest known record of cricket occurs in the records of an inn kept in 1300-01. John Derrick, a Surrey currier, gave evidence that "when he was a scholar in the free school at Guildford, he and several of his fellows did run and play there at cricket and other games." The book in which these words are recorded is still treasured in Guildford Library. Other authorities, however, claim that cricket was played much earlier. These last cricket with "maces" a game which was played by the Romans before the Norman Conquest and 1200 and All That.



A NEW VENUS IS BORN



No! No! . . . Consider yourself! . . .
Forbidden to paint! . . . You can't show women
completely after a line in the bathroom!
It's mainly the brain-child of an anonymous
U.S. manufacturer who asked himself what
the business Venus of ancient days had for
the modern girl hasn't got and frankly set
out to demonstrate that the answer was
"Nobler!"



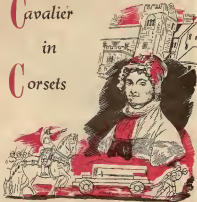
As the film begins, the western businessmen choose the known "Venus of Milo" who was considered well worth a world-wide war back in 400 B.C. The original Venus was said to have young Adonis' hand in each "handed" from the woman (which means probable as the Venus of Milo was later dug out of a mud-hole). Now Madame Venus Modesty-entitled, we are not informed.

And there you have them. Venus of Milo and Venus of Modesty.

30 CAVALCADE October, 1931



Cavalier in Corsets



She began her military career at the ripe age of sixty and had one of Cromwell's men grimacing biting his nails.

IF she had been a man, military historians would probably have headed her as a gallivant and high-flung company commander.

And . . . when you consider (a) that her company comprised 50 men (b) in the last stages of comic decay, plus a bevy of flustered serving wenches; and (c) that she dashed into

battle, dressed in whalebone corsets and ballroom skirts . . . you will realize that she really was a brilliant and high-spirited company commander.

Her name was Blanche, Lady Arundel. When she first went to war, she was aged just 60.

It was a May day of 1643 when Lady Blanche dashed to the ramparts of

Wardour Castle. Her husband, Thomas—filled with bravado, bravado and the best intentions—had dashed off to bankrupt himself by fighting for King Charles the First of England against a congregation of British women called "Roundheads."

"Defend that castle or die!" had been Thomas's last major decree.

Now the Roundhead leader of 1200 Londoners greeted him: "Blahhh," he advised. "I am Sir Edward Hungerford. I must search this castle."

"My husband told me not to let you," replied Lady Blanche to all effect.

Hitching up her corsets, she retired severely from the battlements.

Sir Edward also retired . . . perhaps to prepare another impetuous speech. Within an hour or so, however, he was back: "If you don't surrender, I'll blow you to bits!" he threatened. "Push," retorted Lady Blanche, unrepentant. Sir Edward was, once again, obliged to his host.

As a fortress, Castle Wardour was one of the major specimens of Thimble-Thin-Might-Have-Been-Better-Left-Unsafe.

At daybreak, the first cannon crashed from the Roundheads. The shot shattered 2000 worth of red-marble chimney-pieces in the castle's banquetting hall.

To a housekeeper (the Lady Blanche this was fighting talk). She ordered her obligingest trumpeter to sound the alarm. Her 50 archers promptly discharged volleys from Winchester . . . ended out with an occasional groan.

Lady Blanche then set her younger wenchies looting the firearms.

They were still shooting four days later. Then Sir Edward exploded a mine. He might as well have kept it for the children. Sir Edward exploded a second mine. It shook the

castle . . . but not Lady Blanche.

On the sixth day Sir Edward had another breakthrough. He tossed balls of fire through the castle windows. With plunging familiarity, Lady Blanche decided that this should be talked over. She called a parley.

Only a devoted housewife for perhaps Mrs. Emily Post could have dreamed up the terms which Lady Blanche offered: (1) all the women's clothing should be left at their disposal; (2) no serving men should be used to wait on the women; and (3) the furniture should be untouched.

"Agreed," cried Sir Edward (seemingly a domestic-minded man, too . . . and trampled over himself to prove himself a hero).

No sooner had Lady Blanche and her garrison emerged than the Roundheads mobbed them. While the women were escorted to Shaftesbury Jail, Sir Edward looted Wardour. His spoils were about £500,000.

But when Lady Blanche reached Shaftesbury, the Roundheads discovered a much more interesting jail at Bath . . . and saw also streams with black plumes. She was taken to transfer Lady Blanche there.

At last, Lady Blanche took off her jewels. Popping into bed, she declared to come out. Fearing of offending public morals, the Roundheads did not hurry.

She remained in bed even when they brought her news of her Thomas's death in battle. She bridled only when her son-in-law had retaken Castle Wardour.

Then Lady Blanche, once more in her corsets, headed for home. She found her castle a heap of rubble. She withdrew to Winchester . . . to take off her corsets for ever. After six years of strict seclusion, she died . . . a Cavalier (though now uncommitted) to the end. The date? October 27, 1662.

Crime Capsules



WHAT A REEL . . .

Probably the world's most spacious. The assassin was Italian movie captain and body-filler, Gaetano Gaudenzi. Presented with a shiny new pair of riding boots on his birthday, the assassin captain immediately greeted them as an anonymous love-taken. During them, he approached his colonel, saluted, clicked his heels

and was immediately blown away soundlessly into tiny fragments. That was in 1937. Thirteen years later, Italian police solved the crime. In 1950, the captain's cousin, Pietro Tassinari, confessed to the deed. Motive: The captain had stolen Pietro's fiancée. Method: Pietro had loaded the heels of the boots with dynamite and a percussion cap . . . set to go off when the captain stepped in attention.

LEADING QUESTION . . .

In Monterey (Calif.), nightwatchman Thomas Klynn explained to the prosecutors how it was that three bandits had been able to carry him . . . he'd been alerted in reading a crime magazine. George Lloyd arrested for attempting to break into a Washington (D.C.) grocery store, explained that he was merely trying to make some money as his law firm could keep him out of jail. But most convicts of all was perhaps M. Gene Stummer, arrested for carrying a concealed weapon, to wit, a

hatchet's handle. "My grandfather gave it up as a weapon," Mr. Stummer insisted.

ATOMIC EYE . . .

Stockard Yard has been experimenting on "atomic vision detection." Idea is to use radio-active materials to mark the trail of burglars and such-like unsanitized characters in a demonstration, scientists played the roles of egg and criminal as to the manner here. The "find" (in rubber boots) walked across the wedding floor of a railway car which had been specially treated with radio-active sodium. He jumped out of the car, ran 100 yards, and hid in a cluster of bushes. Came the "detecting" . . . plus a Geiger counter. He swept the counter over the ground. The counter clicked . . . and he straight to the bushes.

TESTING TROUBLES . . .

In San Antonio (U.S.) policeman Joe Melody denied indignantly that he had kissed a housewife three times. "She didn't have her false teeth in at the time and a toothless woman is not a kissable object," protested Gaudenzi, Melody's neighbor. But even more outraged was an anonymous tag in a Pittsburgh police knock-up. After 40 hold-up victims had failed to identify their three assailants, the jury learned they stepped from the stage and reentered himself.



HARRY BENNETT • FICTION

DOWN THERE AT BREAKWATER BAY ON THE EAST COAST, THEY'RE USED TO MEN TAKEN BY SHARKS.

IT was odd the way they caught Victor Karamoff. Odd, because it was the very last thing you'd expect to happen. Yet, if Karamoff had been as good a hand at murder as he was at heading the skipper out of the arena, he might even have got away with it. But that's the way it goes.

Down there at Breakwater Bay on the East Coast, they're not so particular about men who get themselves eaten by sharks. That is, when a guy goes overboard and those blue fins and white-bellies strike underhanded down the water a bright pink, they write him off.

Karamoff was a White Russian—or so he used to say. He was a big, beefy man, well over the six, with shoulders like the bows of a ferry boat. He couldn't read or write, but he was shrewd in a brutal way. He'd been at Breakwater Bay for seven

years, and he'd done well enough to buy him his own cutter and lay up a hefty bank account. He made lots of mistakes, too, but not the type that gave him any trouble. Guys like Karamoff were too big to tackle.

Karamoff's shipowner tactics got him most things he wanted from life; but there were some things that brown and white couldn't get him—Nellie Thrush, for instance.

Nellie was a stock little blonde with the heave of a prize dancer and a curious touch of manner the boys down on the waterfront picked for him. She came to Breakwater Bay with a Irish capital and opened up a sandwich shop down by the main wharf.

Just a little hole in the wall, it was, but Nellie couldn't have made more money if she'd had a mint in the backroom.

TIGER SHARK



When a guy goes overboard and those white-bellies strike underhanded down the water they usually write him off.

AN ALARMING INSTANCE OF INSECT INNOCENCE

Little fly upon the wall,
Ain't you got no clothes at all?
Ain't you got no, truly skin?
Ain't you got no shrimmy-shin?

Ain't you COLD?

—Provided by a voice (savage and satanic undertone) calling blithely over the radio-networks.

Zemooff took to Nellie the minute he laid eyes on her. He liked the way she swung her hips, and he liked the way she talked. He didn't like her sandwiches; but he hung around and ate them just the same.

The third time he took Nellie out, he asked her to marry him. Nellie played coyish. Said she'd think it over, sort of thing. She was doing just that when Charlie Fern arrived in town.

Charlie wasn't as big as Zemooff—but he was bigger than most, and handsome as well. Charlie had no money. He was a wages fisherman. He came to Breakwater Bay to find a big-money job on one of the big tuna-cannery ships.

He looked in at Nellie's the very next day. They went out together that night, and they didn't get home until sunrise the following morning. Zemooff was sure of that because he'd spent the night waiting outside the warehouse opposite Nellie's shop—waiting for her to show up.

He saw Charlie take Nellie to his room and kiss her, but he didn't do anything about it—not just then, he didn't.

Zemooff was no psychologist, but he had brains enough to know what any rough stuff would only serve to drive Nellie deeper into the arms of the newcomer. He decided to wait his chance and keep his nose clean.

But two weeks later Zemooff went for Charlie. Charlie had heard all about Zemooff and Nellie, and he came wisely.

The big Hunnys met him with a tasty brawl. He said he'd heard Charlie was looking for a job, that he, Zemooff, had a job for Charlie if he wanted in—fifty a month as a fish-hand on his cutter, "Ladybird."

Charlie wasn't born at first. But he accepted when Zemooff suggested the job would be a handy something to keep him occupied until the tuna coppers returned to port.

That afternoon Zemooff fired Joe Solomon, his regular hand. Then night he arranged with Charlie to take "Ladybird" out after midnight the next morning.

"Ladybird" left harbour some time after eight o'clock. Zemooff leaned over the tiller. Charlie leaned himself perching the line. For a long time Zemooff watched him as a snake would watch a fat, green frog.

Then he settled down to watch the actions of the sea. He was looking for something.

At eleven o'clock, with "Ladybird" making 15 miles off a coast that was a thin pencil line on the horizon behind her, Zemooff found what he was looking for. Charlie saw it, too. He pointed away to starboard, yelled "Tuna shark!" followed it up with, "A beauty, too. Must be all o' nine-tones hot."

Zemooff was still smiling. Coolly,

he turned "Ladybird" a few degrees, changing her up on a course parallel with that of the shark. With the only hint he thirty feet away, he yelled "Let's have a go at him, mister! Try the big line on the anchor."

Charlie swung around, then hesitated for a second, a frown hanging on his heavy brows. Zemooff read the hesitation that came in his lips—"Why bother ourselves with a bloody shark?"—and he waited for the protest that didn't come. Charlie shrugged, turned to the line locker and began to reel around.

Zemooff took a deep breath. The shark was more than fifty feet away now, and swimming fast. Charlie eased the hook and turned to look at the anchor. He measured the distance, noted the stout coil at his feet, then clambered up on the gunwale for a long throw. Zemooff waited until he had taken balance, then, with a savage grunt, he threw the tiller hard over.

"Ladybird" came about, her bowmen swinging protest, the coast falling white beneath her black prow. The man on the gunwale gave an hysterical shout, twisted around in a desperate effort to save himself, then lurched backwards to disappear with a splash. Zemooff looked back at the black head bobbing on the surface. He saw a blur for a moment through the water. He heard Charlie cuss.

When Zemooff got back to Breakwater Bay an hour and a half later he did what the head fisherman usually do when someone dies down a shark's belly. He made straight for the police station down by the fishing jetty, and on the way he babbled about the tragedy like a crazy man.

Half a dozen fishermen were with him when he burst into the little

office to tell his story to the oldest Sergeant Jackson. Jackson believed the story because he'd heard a dozen others just like it. He took notes, gave the shaky Zemooff a sheet of headed, and advised him to go home and rest.

Zemooff didn't go straight home. On the way he dropped into the pub for some brandy. There, the bar-maid poured about him to hear how the new guy, Fern, had been torn into shreds by a tiger shark, how the water had turned red, how Zemooff had nearly lost an arm trying to save him. It was dark when Zemooff finally got home, and he was drunk.

Somehow he managed to drop himself over a gutter.

When Zemooff awoke, the sun was streaming through the window, and the room was crowded with fishermen. For a few seconds he didn't know where he was. His legs heaved like old leather. Then, suddenly, reality swept back to him. He staggered to his feet, but before he could speak, Jackson had frayed him. The old man's face was unspeakable.

He said: "You told us, Zemooff, that you saw the shark up up that young fellow yesterday. That old right?" Zemooff nodded glumly, swallowed. "Then I'm arresting you," Jackson went on. "The charge is murder, Zemooff."

Zemooff squeaked "Murder?"

"Yeah." Jackson drew back into his pocket as he spoke. "Gee, you forget, Zemooff, that old shark ain't mean either. You should have made around to see the job was done right. We found that young fellow on the beach this morning when the tide had laid him. Not a mark on him, but his lungs were full o' water. Guess he must have swam a good eight mile before he drowned."

LAKE of the

THE first white man to see the lake upon it—whenever he was younger—came back to tell what he had seen. He wandered on to the vast landscape of the Serpentine bank had swept him soundlessly into its emptiness.

And the lake had kept his secret. It had lain deep as it had for centuries . . . two hundred-and-odd feet down at the bottom of a towering forest of pine and, unbroken by a single shrub or even a green strand of vine.

On days when the sky was clear and the sun was high, the mud was a rotten brown in which the lake sparkled like a blue turquoise. When

SERPENT

THOSE WHO DROPPED INTO THE HOLY CLEANING OF DARKER, THE RAINBOW GOD NEVER RETURNED FROM THE HOME OF THE GHOSTS.

Thunder-deads came with drifwood ash, the lake still above with the white iridescent of its opal. And suddenly, at night, it seemed to reveal the glint of silver stars in black velvet.

But strange there was a land of anything more . . . and the old promises of vengeance. It was there, then, that death, death, of some sort of its own.

So it had been when, by night, white visitors had hidden part of the great. A home had vanished and dropped, and the pain had shivered, the monstrous torment of the weather-bitten stone, shivered awake.

The sparse patches of bindy-grass on the brown, gray loam of the clearing.

There had been only a few twisted strips of canvas, the single sign of a blanket, a battered and rusted tin pan and an even more rusted and battered half-gallon . . . nothing else to show the man who the sun had been, whereas he had come of white. Of everything he had gone.

They might, perhaps, have laughed at him, but the shaman who guided them . . . perhaps, though he was, of the Indian-land . . . wonder of the One-Headed People, all inside and outside of the wonders of the lake . . . had refused.

He yelped and, uttering words, he had fallen over the rocky bank.

Women . . . women! They never change, even if the traffic laws do. When prominent motor-cars first appeared to libel the equine race by calling themselves "horse-less buggies," the weaker sex demonstrated its strength by agitating for permission to drive one. The authorities finally submitted . . . on the condition that any woman driving alone should arm herself with a pistol. A new-fash now reveals that the current womanhood of the Isle of Man are complaining that they're not allowed to ride on motor-bike sides. On paid trips they still will be, but . . . probably provided, of course, that they arm themselves with an atom-bomb.

Mr. Rogers had clutched at the waves, dithering which contained his knowledge . . . his magic charms . . . as he gazed across the clearing towards the Lake, and at something—a might have been the birdy-gown binding to the wind—had vanished near the highway, he had dashed back to the shelter of the scrub.

No amount of urging could persuade him to return. Besides, dark had been closing in and water had to be found for the horses before camp could be made. The Lake (it had been observed) was useless for that. The white mists had moved on behind the Gilman-burns through the trees.

In the evening breeze, the birdy-gown had seemed to rustle as a child, leaving farewell as they disappeared.

A male or two swoop, they had clustered around their camp-fire on the bank of a creek and, sally curious, had tried to learn which had accompanied the warrior's form.

Suspected on his hunching, his fingers well clamping tight at the handle, the Gilman-burns had hesitated long before speaking . . . and when he spoke, it had been little and hard to understand.

It was proved not to be accident, they had thought the warrior meant him off in the Dromas-burn. Dashed the Humber-Serpent had plunged his head there as he built with his vermilion body a bridge between the land of the living and the dark land of ghosts.

And Dashed had cleaned it for himself! No man . . . no matter how great a man . . . how potent a wizard . . . no matter how manacled . . . how filled with strength . . . could venture alone without unleashing his beak . . . the roars which housed him to earth.

For those who visited the Lake of the Serpent, there was no recall. Each must cross the bridge which Dashed had built and join the company of ghosts.

"Well, warble," the warrior had noted, swooping as he croaked, "Our hawks are shaken . . . we are afraid."

The leaping flames had flicked his hawk-shaped face with crimson, and his blood-shot eyes had seemed to glow really like coals.

They had laughed at him, of course, but if anyone had been listening, he might have seemed an undercurrent.

It shook at the laughter. You couldn't beat a hawk for speaking a word, they all realized that, and though all engines were superstitious when, none of them was just making up a part of his part for the simple pleasure of pulling a few white lips, but that was different. There didn't seem to be any reason about this. It sounded like the real thing. You only needed to look at the back to see that he was genuinely afraid.

They had noticed, too, that when they called themselves in their blabber, the Gilman-burns had crumpled, quaked over the cinders and fingered his handle.

He had still been agitating them the next morning. And, somehow or when, after they had settled up, . . . one had suggested that they take another look at the clearing. The Gilman-burns had rose silently and padded softly through the waste. They had called after him . . . almost eagerly.

Left alone once more, the Lake had wrinkled mockingly at the men.

Some of which Collins was here known as he blundered wearily into the clearing.

But, even if he had been aware of everything, it is probable that he would have failed.

That was the best part for the land of stars he'd put himself caught up in. Let that bloody High unleash the major troopers as his heels. Let them cut on his nerve and bay their bloody hounds out! He'd been around the mires, they'd taught him how wide apart where those black devils wouldn't buy as loudly. High would have his work cut out in being there out of check here. They'd find a dozen red-berings to chase rather than run into this.

And even if High did manage to

bound his pack through in the end . . . what the hell did that matter? . . . they'd be too late for the kill . . .

Plenty of time, Collins worried himself, slipping the swing from his shoulder; no sell to rush it . . . sure to waste before High got here (if he ever did) . . . take it easy . . . get rid of the evidence first . . .

Anyhow else in the bush, those black devils might forget it out . . . but not here . . . not here . . . they wouldn't be attracted . . . and without evidence what could High do? . . . not a thing . . . not a sudden thing . . . how could High prove he hadn't been here at the scrub for a week?

Collins looked his dry lips and eyes thrushy. He blinked his watery-blue eyes almost frantically and a grimace — it might even have been of disgust — parched his worried jaw. With his heavy hat and whump of ginger-bread beard, he looked like a worried fox.

God, he was reminding himself dumbly, what a fool he had been to try it . . . and yet it had seemed so easy at first . . . you could get your watch by Old Ned . . . he always brought the road through his clock-work . . . you could get your boots on it. He'd pass the river head down on sight in the evening . . . he never missed . . .

Old Ned hadn't missed that night . . . and Collins hadn't missed either. Crunched in the darkness frantically the side of the river-bank road, his cinders tight in his hands, he had listened to the morning clip-clap-clap of the Old Woman's heels as it cuttered moodily close through the glimmering star-brightening night. But Collins had had no eyes for the eternally working steel. His gaze had been fixed inflexibly on the

spot where the road swung down behind the trees toward the river bend. Old Ned had rounded the bend dead on sight . . . and "dead" was right. Collins had perched his spot well. There wasn't a shadow within ten miles . . . just a deserted vacancy of empty twelve miles . . . a vacancy of nothing that could absorb every sound . . . even, say, the sound of a person's creek.

And Collins's corkers seemed to crack like thunder as he righted on the dusty square, landing half-forward in the middle, as it advanced. Yet there had been no reply . . . not even from Old Ned . . . except a faint, hoarse echo that sounded like an echo of their own swift nothingness.

The mare had moved and Old Ned had advanced . . . suddenly . . . like a sprint-packed steed . . . into the dust at her heels. She had bent her head in snarl at the old man . . . faintly surprised at his untimed in-

tion . . . but had pricked her ears and barked as Collins leapt from the shrub onto the road.

But she had been well middle-aged. She had stood, watching silently, while Collins knelt beside the wind-erased old corpse and half-listed it to slip the leather strap of the mail bag from the slapping shoulder.

She had been still standing patiently, when, within a minute, Collins had put the brush-wood between himself and the road and had plunged with the mail-bag into the scrub. Squatted under a looming stringy hunk, he was peering intently to inspect the contents of the mail-bag and then to make it in the hall where earlier he had noted no more, now noting high up in the cave-Tyler's hole.

He had been almost too absorbed to hear the mare whinny and another clap-clap-clapping of hooves as the dust

Hill there had been something pitifully reminiscent in the clap-clap-clap which had burst through an obstruction and had sent him starting to his feet. Gail, what left? He knew that sound. Only the Native Troopers rode with that trained precision . . . and the only Native Troopers round here were led by that two-legged bloodhound they called Lawlessness High.

Now in Hill — with all the best planning in the world — could he guess that High and his patrol would return a day before their time?

The soft, steady clap-clap-clapping ceased suddenly. There had been an excited bopping of guttural native voices and a barked command. Something at the mail-bag and nowhere, Collins had darted manically into the shrub.

Perhaps the Devil did look after his own, Collins reflected ruefully. He hadn't forgotten his brush-craft

. The patrol had overlooked his silence in their silence. And then there had been that old Kila gun . . . only one chance in a thousand that she should be out in the scrub at night . . . alone. She was just what he had needed. The bush-telegraph had been working . . . the gun knew already that the wolves were howling and where. Without her help, he wouldn't have been able to cut his trail at those two cranks . . . wading thigh-deep to wash off his tracks (or making it harder and harder for High and his native devils to pick up the trail . . . and making it stinkier and stinkier when they did pick it up . . . if ever they did . . . which Collins very much doubted . . . and now . . .

Collins even like the startled fox he was. Somewhere, from the heart of the bush, there seemed to echo faintly a warning cry . . . "Coo-coo Coo-coo!" It couldn't be those blackies . . . not yet . . . Not . . . ?



ARCHIBALD THE MONUMENT

A MORBID SUGGESTION
TO ALL WRITERS OF
EPITAPHS
AND POETICAL PROPHETS
OF THE WORLD'S
IMMINENT END

People in business
do NOT enjoy verses

JAY-PAY

He dropped his swing hurriedly into the powder, over him of the clear-cut. A buttoned and racking old Saltyman rebounded from it with a hollow clang. But Collins did not hear. He was running, a machine as one heard and a leather maul-bag in the other, towards the Lake. A shal-lah standing about the (bushy-green) He stopped on the verge of the sand and saw the Lake sparkling in the afternoon sun, a blue turquoise as a golden cone. For a moment he paused, then he flung the carbine and the maul-bag from him. Flustered, they seemed to hover in mid-air before the carbine shot down like a spear, with the maul-bag clumping heavily behind it. The waters of the Lake spring apart in a rainbow-hued cascade which splashed back in rapid into stillness. Collins felt the shal-lah and shal-lah beneath his feet, and recoiled. His heart thumped and shivered on what seemed to be shore scales. Something like a blow of a tin-hammer struck him hard on the ankle. A sharp jolt of spine

warmed up his leg and stilled his cross. He pulled numbly and, between while, tugged feet-first over the bank.

The sand sprouted about him like golden hail and the waters of the Lake when cascaded in rainbow hues. Collins planned, half-mad, from the surface, closing tightly for a grip on nothingness. His mouth was constricted as it is sewing, but no sound came. Uselessly, he wished in a sudden convulsion and was gone.

A widening track of sand led off to cross the water, but descent had begun in the golden sand and the blue waters of the Lake once more napped into stillness.

A dull heavy rumour across the clearing.

In their warm nests of powder, very lean, the children of Diddler the Rainbow Serpent . . . the ancestral spirits of the Glimmermen the Grey-Scale People . . . the death-skins . . . rolled their scales restlessly. On the verge of the sand, one reared itself from its coils and its forked tongue flickering, bared its rage at the intruder who had disturbed its peace.

A dull rumble of thunder thrilled on the horizon. Flattening through the leaves, the Storm-Bird waded its plumeless wayward . . . "Go-on! Go-on!" The clouds hurried closer and the first gusts of rain splattered the moss which lay at the edge of the clearing among the mossy fragments of another wave. Larut, an Elgh, patrol officer of the Queensland Native Police, would find it when he arrived if ever he did arrive.

Meanwhile, the Lake shone through the aquilla with a steady cadence so innocently you would never have suspected that it was answering mockingly at some day just of its own.



"Had a case similar to this only last year
and his wife."

Let's be Nautical

-CHARTERED BY GIBSON



Outboard motors are a lot unto themselves. Some have been known to start after the first hundredth time. The proud owner then returns from the sea and spends the rest of his life telling his friends about it.



The greatest of all shells are to be had from speed-boat racing... especially when you forget to coast off...



Then we have the frustrated Admiral type... he buys a hull from the department board, and designs and builds the upper works with his own little white hands... the result is a cross between a pirate cannon and Noah's ark...



The glamour job power is measured by gallons to the mile instead of miles to the gallon takes on vast quantities of scotch, champagne and blenders. Has never been known to leave her moorings.



With the blood of Drake coursing through my veins, in my day I was known as "Pelagos" for was it "Pelagos"? Ask... oh, well... back to the rum.



STRANGER

and Strangers



PUBLIC NOTICE . . .

In Beaumont, California, the Travelers' Hotel is hoping that some leniency will be shown in enforcing the law that hotels must keep all lost articles for a year before disposing of them; a full-grown goat has appeared in the lobby, and nobody has shown any sign of claiming him. Meanwhile, a four-by-five-foot bill-board, neatly inscribed "This is Peckin-kill—A Friendly Town," has turned up on the shore of the Atlantic Ocean at Long Island (U.S.)

WATER-CURE . . .

A doctor in Athens (Greece) has reported that he has performed 12 dental operations and removed one hip tumor, using injections of ordinary tap water as the only means of local anesthesia. Proponents of the water on the nerve terminals causes regional paralysis and prevents pain for the time of the operation, the doctor claims.

FIT THE CRIME . . .

Canada (U.S.) business had their own way of dealing with murderers. They neither executed nor imprisoned the culprit. Instead, they made the guilty man observe a strict set of rules for four years: (1) he was not permitted to wear moccasins or to eat warm food; (2) he must not comb or cut his hair; (3) he must live a mile away from his fellow tribesmen; (4) he must never work.

CAVE CANON . . .

One of the first motor car accessories, patented by Packard in 1904, was a gun that sprouted automatic about eight feet. Idea was to discourage dogs from chasing cars and taking naps at the tyres which, on these days, were as thin and revolved so slowly that they were in perpetual danger of being punctured by playful possums.

IN A NAME . . .

Among the exotic brandy names that are still favoured by use in England are: Bannay, Cullamtion, Kivildaid, Foudfish, Galsbot, Gumbod, Hand-somebody, Hicray, Hogfish, Make-hale, Makopoon and Shakebody. If you don't believe us, contact British electoral authorities.

FOR MINERS ONLY . . .

The world's consumption of every kind of energy to-day (food for men and animals, heat, light and power) adds a gross yearly output equivalent to four thousand millions tons of coal. Denmark gets by on food from agriculture; (1) per cent; coal and lignite (11), wood (16); oil (24.5); natural gas (6.5), hydro-electricity or water-power (1).

IN THE SWIM . . .

Two-compartment bath-tub, recently patented, is an affair with a main bathing section and a secondary compartment for washing hair, clothes and the baby.



"What more could a woman and her husband get a lovely home, two fine children, that . . ."



BEAUTY—you lucky beasts

Who says they're dumb? Aren't appreciable beasts? Look on showgirl, Dorothy Thomas, with her new mount in John Dehnbauer's Hollywood last summer show. Even if she looks a bit stuffy, they don't seem to be as dumb as you'd think. The animals are a lot better — you can't deny it — is showing a really well-bred horse with a fine head — and last — well, when chance would any.

Of course, some and again, some times of animal life are more to be a little more about their advantages . . . but there's nothing like a good John-Ped horse on the hunting down to advise the jungle world.



Still unknown knows him in every clank (even the home-made variety), maybe this here has tripped all the buds, like Retrolski (Schlenger) and "Went" "Went" and there's Mrs. Schlenger with the blonde hair. You'd think that at least a shrewd would have realized that the Female of the Species is more dangerous (say the Male for whatever is the correct sex).

CAVALCADE October 1931



BURP-F-F . . .

Do you suffer from that distressing complaint known among juveniles (of all ages) as "burping"? Well, don't worry. In most cases, belching is due to nervousness in which air has been swallowed. Keep calm and you won't be nearly so easy. If the gas-in-the-stomach is due to indigestion, however, you need a proper diet. Generally, starchy foods (potatoes, sugar, bread, pastry) should be reduced in amount. Hot food, too much sugar and fried foods should be avoided entirely. Gas-producing foods (cabbage, lettuce, turnip, onions and peas) should be eaten only in small quantities.

ON THE WAGON . . .

Don't sneer at that unattractive drink, water. Water plays a vital part in every tissue or function of the body. The blood is mostly water and all the moist surfaces of the body require copious water. Moreover, a little more water is needed during warm weather both for children and adults. It helps make up for the loss by perspiration.

MONEY, MONEY . . .

If doesn't always pay to be prosperous, it seems. Diabetics have noticed that, though diabetes can now be controlled by insulin, the number of cases does not decrease.

Thus, they claim, is because when there is prosperity, there are more cases of diabetes. Prosperity makes more rich food available, thus having large amounts of sugar in the blood.

DEEP BREATHING . . .

What's the benefit in deep breathing? Well, consider a boxer doing his roadwork. He is forced to take deep breaths. And what happens then? The liver is squeezed by the floor of the chest which hastens the circulation of the blood through it, preventing stagnation of liver and gall bladder. This means better digestion of food and the prevention of constipation. So take a few deep breaths, two or three times a day. You won't be wasting your time.

PROTEINS . . .

As any dietitian will tell you, the diet of an average healthy man should be one part proteins (meat, eggs, fish), two parts fat (butter, lard, cream), four parts starch (potatoes, bread, sugar). However, physicians treating athletes have found that a diet one-and-a-half parts protein, one-and-a-half parts fat, and only one part starch reduces the number of sicknesses attacks by at least one half. In epileptic cases, starch foods are absolutely reduced and fat and proteins increased.



JOHN ADAM

he REBUILT the UNIVERSE

Quiet and matter-of-fact, he punched mankind's
spokes hard and heavy right on the plectrum.

THE man who delivered mankind's
whirling system its most shocking
"knock-out" blow was undoubtedly
the most unknown of all the great
revolutionaries.

Before the appearance of Nicolaus
Copernicus, the Polish astronomer,
about 160 years ago, citizens of the
earth believed that the whole solar
system revolved around them.

Commenced by Ptolemy in the third
century A.D., Copernicus
discreetly waited for 90 years before
announcing publicly that the earth
had been demoted to mere planet,
and that the sun was the central body

all-powerful body of the solar system.

Copernicus was born on February
14, 1473, in Torun, West Prussia,
which at the time was a Polish province.
It was an awkward place to be
deposited by the stars because
ever since his death, Germans and
Poles have spent a good deal of time
claiming him for their fatherland.

Young Nicolaus was only ten years
old when his father died. He was
brought up by his uncle, Lucas,
Bishop-Bishop of the diocese of Ermland.
He matriculated at the University
of Cracow in 1491, in mathe-
matics, optics and astronomy.

After leaving the University of
Cracow, he spent two years with his
uncle, who had been appointed a
canon of the Cathedral at Frauen-
burg, in 1497.

Advanced education was not en-
joyed as success in those days, but
every canon lacking an academic de-
gree had to attend a university for
three years.

Copernicus went to the University
of Bologna, in Italy, in 1498, as stu-
dent of canon law, but he also stud-
ied mathematics, astronomy and
Greek philosophy.

He attached himself to his tutor,
dominus Maria Morano, one of the
most advanced astronomers of the
era. He was a secret admirer of the
Greek philosopher who had first
sought to suggest that the sun was not
a heavenly chariot driven through the
skies.

Copernicus next spent a short time
in Rome on completion of his three-
year study leave, then returned to
Frauenburg. He had not even taken
his law degree, but he managed to
sell the church authorities the idea
of allowing him to return to Rome
to complete his studies—particularly
on such subjects. Later he gained a
doctor's diploma at Padua.

After ten years in Italy, he re-
turned to Poland at the age of
thirty-three, a mathematician, a poet,
a physician, an astronomer—and
a great revolutionary. At the apogee
of youth of Frauenburg, he be-
came private physician, councillor
and secretary to his uncle, Bishop
Wladyslaw.

For six years he had it "the easy
way." He accompanied his uncle on
trips in the diocese, did a few home-
repairs, and—no potential success-
studied revolutionary politics.

He also managed to get into hot
water by translating some publicly
controversial Greek epistles by the Syon-

ian author, Theophrastus Simocatta,
into Latin and having them published
in 1500. Any suspicion with
Greek literature was regarded as rank
heresy in that enlightened age.

Copernicus himself said that 1500
was the year when he began to de-
velop his astronomical system. But
he only mentioned two major ob-
servations made before his uncle's
death: those of the lunar eclipses of
1500 and 1511. His important work
started in the spring of 1512, when
he left Castle Havelberg, shortly after
his uncle's death, and went to
Frauenburg.

He was in his forties then and had
an annual income of about \$200. For
his astronomical observations, he
established himself in a tower room,
elevated above the church roof—and
which is traditionally called "turre
Copernicana."

Copernicus' instruments were
primitive. In addition to a sextant,
he made a "triectrum" (composed of
three sticks of wood) to obtain the
altitudes of the sun, moon and plan-
ets. But with these home-made in-
struments, he made the basis on
which rests the whole structure of
modern astronomy.

But during this period, because of
ecclesiastical administrative duties,
the time which he could devote to
the study of the stars was restricted.
His services as a physician were at
great demand.

His country was reed by in-
vasion. Copernicus emerged as one of
the outstanding economists of the
sixteenth century. He was the first
to put into scientific form the law
of bad money, which drives good
money out of circulation.

He said "The greatest mistake is to
exchange new, bad money for the
old, good money, for the bad
not only drives the old, better
currency, but drives it away." His

suggestions were adopted by the Diet of Pyschov in 1546 and 1549, and similar councils were introduced in Poland and Lithuania.

Copernicus also helped to work out new regulations for certain occupations, townspeople and guilds. As the Chapter's chaplain, he also had to make periodical inspections and collect rents from tenant farmers for the cathedral. When flour prices and money were fluctuating, he also drew up a project for price control to ensure fair distribution to the poor.

As early as 1544, his fame as an astronomer was spreading. When Pope Leo X sent instructions to many kings in Europe to send their astronomers to attend the Eastern Council to discuss the much-needed revision of the calendar, Copernicus refused.

In refusing the Council's invitation, Copernicus explained that he considered all efforts at calendar revision useless since the course of the sun and the moon were so imperfectly known.

Meanwhile, Copernicus continued his detailed observations of the movements of the various planets.

In 1543, he wrote a short commentary on which he gave a brief outline of his theory that the sun was the center of the universe, with the earth and other planets revolving around it. The manuscript was written in non-technical terms and soon had a wide circulation.

Men of science were quick to realize its value, but the Pope Leo X failed to be warded by it in the slightest. The theory was looked upon as a mere hypothesis, and even assumed for a while the aspect of a "pet" idea of the Pope's court. No one dreamed of taking the young astronomer seriously, and he actually became top-ranking favorite for

a while. It was a false dawn.

But Luther and his colleague Melancthon, did not receive the astronomer's assertions with such sympathy. They denounced him as a fool and a "vain fellow seeking a dubious notoriety through sensational pronouncements."

The copernicus reinforced his decision to withhold final publication of his famous work, "De Revolutionibus Orbium Coelestium" ("Concerning the Revolutions of the Heavenly Bodies"). He did not waste time refuting his enemies—bonds his hands were full with his church duties and serious affairs.

In 1544, however, Copernicus did take time off to write a pamphlet against Johannes Werner, who had written a treatise attacking the accuracy of astronomical observations made by the ancients.

Copernicus didn't pull his punches, he called Werner "unintelligent and naive," and suggested he suffered from childish hallucinations. At the conclusion of the "polemic," he said "It might justly be asked what my views are on the motion of the firmament. As I intend to do it elsewhere I consider it superfluous and inappropriate to do it here."

He struck trouble in 1571, when his rival, Johannes Bästlein, was appointed Bishop of Ermland. Bästlein initiated a series of polemics against Copernicus which lasted until the time of his death. To avoid trouble, he dismissed his housekeeper, Anna Schilling, when the Bishop suggested her domestic role was merely a cover for something more romantic.

In spite of constant harassment, by 1580, Copernicus's famous book was virtually completed and ready for the printer. He had almost decided to leave his work behind peacefully, when a young teacher named Joachim

Bästlein, came to study with him for a three months term. Instead, he stayed three years and finally persuaded Copernicus to publish.

Aware of the future his work would create, Copernicus indicated his protest to the Pope. But he was adamant against any attempt to compromise. When it was suggested that he should leave his speech-making work as a hypothesis, so that there would be no conflict with religious dogma, he refused.

While waiting for his work to come

from the press, the astronomer was taken seriously ill in the winter of 1544. After a particularly long period of unconsciousness, on the morning of May 24, 1543, he awoke for the last time.

A messenger was standing by with a copy of his book. He thrust it into the hands of the dying astronomer who had just enough strength to accept it with a gaze. He closed his eyes closed—and Nicholas Copernicus, who dropped the most violent astronomical bomb, was dead.

DIFFICULT DECISIONS

By GUYAS WILLIAMS



WONDERING WHAT TO DO ABOUT YOUR JUMP SANDWICH WHICH YOU PUT DOWN WHILE YOU WENT TO GET SOME MORE GINGER ALE, NOW KNOWING THAT UNCLE HORACE WOULD CHANGE HIS SEAT

HIRE-CARS

GERALD FRYDEN-BROWN



Those uniformed chauffeurs of the sleek, black sedans never quite know what's the next client.

THE hire-car sedans are on the up-and-up. And more and more people are turning to them. And, as the companies work untiringly by phone, the drivers of the sleek black sedans have an odd-on chance that the ride will not be shared by drunks or overbells.

Just the same, the driver is never sure when he'll face some weird eccentric.

I know, because I have just left a hire-car company. Some of the drivers' stories are worth reporting. Take Reg, for example.

He was sent one evening to the home of a wealthy widow, he says. She told him to go to a shop specializing in take-away dinners and buy a chicken dinner for two and a

bottle of burgundy. He returned with the necessary carton, but the widow and she wasn't hungry. She had some wine, and told the driver to sit down and eat the dinner. He did so, and drank the rest of the wine. The widow then decided she was hungry after all, so every went Reg for a pork dinner and another bottle of burgundy. This time the widow ate a mouthful or two, drank another glass of wine, and made Reg finish the rest of the spread! When he was too blottoed to resist, she tipped him well, and sent him off. Why? Well, your guess is as good as mine!

Winter week, with Snow and Rain, is a harvest time for hire-car drivers. Questions with wool cheeks to burn,

they come for hours, days or, even for an entire week-end. Some're very, very small . . . when their wives and families are present. But when they are alone with the driver, they sit in front and talked their heads off. Hire-car men even learn to wait and just when to talk.

Wealthy old women are the worst ones. In the language of the trade, they are known as "Fish Bitches." Although some are charming and considerate, others will complain because their driver will not drive the wrong way on a one-way street, or insist on turning round on the Bridge because they have forgotten something.

I had one of this type recently in my car. She raged, complained and generally drove me mad—although she was a valued account customer—I turned round and snarled and I MEAN snarled! I expected she would get out and then tear the company apart by phone, but instead, she tipped five shillings instead of her usual two bob! You can't blame people now!

Then there are the "Economical shoppers." These are usually poor women living in swish homes or luxury flats who like "to do their own marketing." Usually the local shops are a little dearer than those at, say, South Junction. So they phone for a hire car, keep it waiting for up to an hour before they trip out with an almost shopping basket, and set off for the cheap shops.

They buy only the best! Complaints because prices are high, then return home with the car loaded. Told out of our ear and to answer thirty-odd—and they have moved perhaps two shillings on their purchases. But I suppose they have that.

I had a call one day to a Rose Bay home. While I waited for Mrs

X, a gentleman passed carrying an enormous bundle of plants in full flower, torn from the nearest beds surrounding the house.

Out came Mrs X. She had her little basket, we toured Double Bay, Rose Bay, Kings Cross and Rushcutters Bay, calling at different shops. To my amazement, we called on a luxury florist at Double Bay and collected a huge mass of flowers! On the way home I said 'Mrs X, those flowers are fine, but you have enough in your own garden to stock three flower shops! What is the matter with them?'

Mrs X laughed. "Oh, the flowers in my garden don't suit the color scheme in the house!" I replied. "Then why not have the gardener plant flowers that will suit?" She was silent for a moment, then she replied, "Do you know, I didn't think of that!"

Weddings are rather fun. Then the car is decked with ribbons and the driver knows there will be a glass of something at the end. Most of these jobs go off well, but I was at one wedding that started off on the wrong foot.

The groom was drunk enough to let the bride get out first at the photographer's studio and did not notice he was sitting on her veil. When veil, orange blossom and half the bride's hairdo were ripped apart, that girl really went to town. There was almost a stand-up brawl.

Weddings, however, have one drawback . . . confetti! One wedding, and for a week afterwards the driver is sweeping the blasted stuff away.

Yes, there's hardly a dull moment in hire-car life. From a reliable function at Edgecliff, the car may go straight to taking paymasters to woman wherever while they pay whatever. Or from a shopping trip to the city to a round at Rose Point.

to take a company representative and an injured Indian woman to the Sadler's Home.

Moreover, each driver is responsible for the cleaning, washing and polishing of his car. He must also change wheels and tires when necessary. This sounds awfully enough, but doing these jobs in a bike suit, when short and black tie is not easy, especially on a hot, sunny day at several day.

Five-car drivers usually work on a fifty-fifty basis (including tips), but the driver pays for petrol and also pays a "tax" of a penny a ride. Knowing the game, a driver can make up to seventeen quid a week, but to do this he must forget the 48-hour week. He will work ten days of up to fourteen hours for his money . . . and even sixty hours a week of Sydney's screwball traffic is tough on the nerves.

Speaking of traffic, it's my opinion that seven out of ten private drivers should be deprived of their driving licenses . . . and never, never should a woman be allowed to drive within the Metropolitan Area.

Don't get me wrong . . . most women can steer, change gears reasonably, back and park well. But they lack the essential factor needed in city driving . . . split-second thinking.

In an emergency the female need concern nobody as regards to the brake or wheel. If you don't believe me, watch 'em and see. The good driver, immediately he slips behind the wheel, becomes as much part of the car as the carburettor. He will not have to think of his driving, but will instinctively make the right move in the average emergency. Five-car drivers, truckers, most taxi-men and a lot of private motorists acquire this sense, but it takes many years of driving before it becomes auto-

matic on anywhere near it.

And, by the way, if you think it is easy to get a license for any commercial vehicle these days, try it and find out!

Still, there are compensations.

For instance, the driver may make a few or knock up with a quid. He never knows what his day will bring . . . dall shopping trips . . . errands waiting in Grosvenor Street . . . or a pleasant run to Palm Beach, Bondi, or even Centurus.

It is not unheard-of for a well-heeled visitor to engage a five-car and driving on a weekly or even monthly basis. Drivers like these jobs, for they usually end up with a tremendous tip.

By the way, in hire-car and taxi language, the word tip is seldom used. It is usually the "ding." Don't ask me why, unless the phrase is used from an obscure Australian dialect of the typing habit which is shared even by those who accept them.

A "ding" may vary from threepence to five pounds, but is usually 1/- or 2/-.

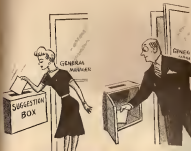
One very expensive customer of a hire-car company never tips. Each year he merely sends a nice cheque to be divided among the drivers.

An old lady of eighty always gives expensive, but often adds a packet of expensive British cigarettes.

Strangely enough, it seems more or less a rule that the more a driver does for a fare, the smaller the tip. He may walk up three floors, stagger down with a mass of luggage, carry it upstairs to the top of the run . . . and get nothing!

Another hero may insist on opening the car door himself, carry his own bag . . . and tip 5/- To coin a phrase, you never can tell.

Ah yes, you learn life on the five-car.





A HOUSE IN HALVES

THE HOME OF TO-DAY (No. 17)

Increasing interest is being shown, both in Australia and overseas, in the type of plan which makes a more definite separation than is usually normal between the two sections of house.

The living and dining (or day) section is entirely segregated from the bedrooms (or night) section.

In the example shown, the main entrance is through a central court opening on an entrance gallery; this gallery is used to achieve the separation. The living-dining room is one large room with full length windows overlooking a stone-paved terrace. The kitchen adjoins the dining room end, with the laundry next to the kitchen.

In the other section of the house are the three bedrooms, each with its own built-in wardrobe, and the bathroom.

There is a large linen cupboard and one wall of the gallery is completely taken up with cloak and general purpose cupboards. The other gallery wall is entirely of glass, looking out onto a central court.

The minimum frontage required to accommodate this house is 50 feet and the overall area 1,500 square feet.



PREPARED BY W. WILSON SHARP, A.R.S.A.



EURORE OVER FUNNIES

(An attempt to protect children from Comic-the-Comics Commission)

—phooey!

ON the subject of Comic Strips—their impact on the so-called adolescent mind and the mechanics of juvenile delinquency—I find that I am one of the few people who can speak without bias. At least, I have the advantage of not being a parent. I happen to be (writing Eurols) fond of children and I have so far not become callous enough to select myself on one of them more or less passively.

But I still retain some memories of my callow child-hood and as I am taking the risk of inserting a few remarks into the debate

From a study of the public Press and other even more hysterical sources of opinion, I gather that the primary are divided into three classes:

(a) those who, viewing The Funnies with all the ravine of a health-crank confronted with the Black Plague, remove the children from the presence of their property at the end of a pair of tongs;

(b) those who are as on the map of propaganda that they watch at the (all) shortly but who would actually prefer to remove their children's reading as the theory that what the

eye doesn't see, the heart doesn't know after.

(c) those who unashamedly take The Funnies as they come . . . and let hell with them, anyway.

I may as well acknowledge, here and now, that this third class has my unadmitted support.

I must admit, of course, that in what—considering the positive feelings of current breast-bearers—I can only regard as my "vulnerable childhood." Comic Strips were in a fairly primitive state. But . . . luckily . . . we were provided with very suitable, very substitutes.

There was, for example, a particularly ghastly series of pamphlets (priced 1s to 1d) . . . variously known as "Bullish Biffs," "Dark Turpots," "Devilish Blinks," "Blooded Turpots" and a sacred array of lesser experts in laughter and stolidity.

My father—apparently a man born well before his time and an acknowledged pioneer of Comic-the-Comics Commission—disputed all these together under the comprehensive title of "Dead-eye Tricks" and confiscated them on sight. Thus being the case, I took steps. I soon discovered that by consulting the trustees between the pages of an "English Grammar" or some such tome I could proceed to read with impunity.

If they have given me a criminal wrap, I am unconscious of it. As at writing, I have not—unlike to my deep-buried anyone at the stake, lifted a single whip, bowed down even an out-house or blown a note.

For the sake of the record, I wish to reveal that these "penny-dreadfuls" have left me only with a loving regret that I didn't have the brains to keep them (especially when I realize the price they would now command).

Yet—before it or not—these amusements pulled into my-white imagination

inside other volumes which were placed in my innocent hands.

I must make mention of *Fury Tales*. Any parent who reads anything beyond the comic-strips will need no informing that the collected works of Moore, Hans Andersen, Grimm, Le Fantome and their clerical company contain enough assorted witches, werewolves and devils—by-sight to terrify a whole kindergarten into good-nights. I have seen with my own eyes an extraordinarily diabolical-looking children's book page after page from a volume of Hans Andersen . . . produced by no less person than a Royal Painter to the Court of Denmark . . . for the simple reason that some of the anecdotes had so distressed him that he imagined they would drive his young into street-dickies. And yet, the Young Lion is tamed . . . tamed, almost . . . to sleep there All-Bel-lousen horrors.

Oh there's a psychiatrist in the house, will he please step forward and explain why "Dicks the One-eyed Danger Man" should be avoided with absolute, while the spectacle of Ah Baba snoring a mob of unwarmed victims in looking at should be treated as a subject suitable for such. (snort)

Well, *Fury Tales* were the least of it. For instance, there was a short-lived little number called "Dicks's First Ter Last, My Not sure Power." This again dealt with an orphaned who was submitted to every adversity which men is capable of inflicting on man . . . plus several others which the author had thought up for good measure. After a couple of hundred pages of this writer of nothing, the word—namely, under the circumstances—devoted to die and devoted her last few breaths to belabouring her torturers by perpetually nagging them.

I gave to adventure. In Missouri (U.S.), Ford Richards had two of his horses and colts wanted for them in the local News. He didn't get his horses back; but—apparently as a consolation prize—his half-brother, Reuben Crowder (whom Ford hadn't seen for 25 years and had promised to be dead) was the colt, asked the address, and stepped nonchalantly into the apologetic Ford's front door.

A seven-struck man rebuked her heart-rendering beauty by my sister and myself as hastily manifestations. My sister felt lethargic about them. Each night she used to collapse into screaming hysteria. "Don't stop, Aunt! Don't stop!" she'd yell. "I'm crying until I feel sick."

The howling expressions, however, seems to have left no permanent scars on her, apart from a slight objection to reading anything but the women's pages of newspapers.

Then there was the very remarkable of Mr. Harrison Amesworth. Fortunately, I recollect a gay fragment of his pen . . . titled, I think, "Rehearsed."

Highlights of this was a vivid description of what came of you permit yourself to be lured into a blow-for-blow brawl, complete with finger-nails lugged to shreds from clawing at the collar-belt, and appropriate sound-effects of stifled screams. Indeed, Mr. Amesworth was so enthusiastic that he abandoned

the staidness of prose and burst happily into a set of grotesque verses, evidently designed to demonstrate that "The Dead March From Hell" was actually composed as a square dance.

I read that book twice. As a result, my character was so warped that, even today, I can still no longer sustain pleasure from literature. Another of my favorites was a Mr. . . . or was he a Colonel? . . . or a Captain? . . . or even a Claverton-Wood? Anyway, he was something. The hero of his whom I recollect most clearly was a (I am now convinced) morose juvenile who had hypothesized a half-witted recruiting-agent into inducing him into the British Army as a drummer boy. The War Office had immediately expiated this idea to logic, seemingly for the promiscuous purpose of getting him killed off in the retreat from Kabul.

In the Rhymer Pass, this youth promptly proceeded to entreat himself with the Afghans, who—understandably misdirected—not out, but—best, after his, irresistibly consented to his him as a pretense for their by-conscience-skill at appearing mutilated. Operationally recorded stress by nerve and not least, as far as modesty allowed—managing by member, by the author. Finally, the mangle got himself severed in a move.

I could hear the strain no longer. I left the dumb drummer where he was. To this very moment, I have no idea what the Afghans did to him. I can only hope it was their best.

Some total poems jumped into my subconscious. I confess that when I encountered my first Parker, I shuddered. But as the manner disconcerted. Odd of Austin's half-brother was wearing a sky-blue tunic with a red cross behind his ear and conversing his right wrist with his forefinger, the

book may not have been to blame.

Then there were received "Boys Own Annuals" and "Chums" (which actually found favor in the eyes of my father, who specialized in judging books not only by their covers, but also by their price).

Every Christmas, my father presented me with one or both. And I read them ardently . . . thereby—If contemporary Anti-Communist crusaders are correct—laying the groundwork for a future career as Austin's Number 1 Coplan. For a studied counterbalance—"The Boy's Own Annuals" and "Chums" each included enough tangency to retain the average "group-dreadful" as top.

Outstanding in the BOA was a novel, which was calculated to breed a more imposing swarm of phobias than even a personally-constructed tear through Hill Men were tempted to death by elephants or crushed to pulp by an unmercifully developed brand of bio-constructivist surgery. One sophisticated remedy to boost their victims beyond their fast to heat engines, and so start their mangled, maddened bodies spread-eagled high school boys on cut hills, proactively measures popped incessantly from behind rocks.

Then soap-surgery had a really shocking effect on my nervous system. As a matter of fact, when the hero would think of nothing better to do than throttle a couple of boys with his bare hands, I was so disgusted that I actually skipped several chapters out of these barometers. "Chums," on the other hand, carried such adolescent shamelessness. Its author concentrated on a seven-foot-tall man-and-a-half, whose fantastic lethal weapons was a broadsword as big as himself. Year in and year out, this hero's hand-and-foot abuse played a leading role in at least one serial . . . usually devoted by a

certain E. Wadley for something. When he was not having his feet to the stove, he was dissecting them to the red-hot (or when he really extolled himself) into two separate halves.

Which was along with me.

Then there was the outrageous phobia who lured unsuspecting people by a book named "Man of Faith and Daring" . . . produced, if I remember correctly, by some well-meaning missionary society. Commencing innocuously with the design of St. Paul, this open continued by paying appalled visitors square into the middle of Alexander Heron's unadmitted disputation of the particularly phobic museum of Fort Mark-dreadness. An especially absorbing passage, I recall, dealt with the dilemma of a traveler whom the troops had seized and skinned alive before tying his body as a pre-caution for lighted glass needles.

Over all these travesties on steroids, I considered—quickly—unadmitted an unadmitted, cheerily clanking at their barometer.

I have to list—

(1) That developed the habit of hitting my head under the pillow at night for fear of being compelled to converse with my [unpublished],

(2) Not become—as far as I know—a homicidal maniac;

(3) Not engaged in anything more criminal than journalism.

And (6) not even been looked on as a juvenile delinquent.

Yet, according to Theoretical Psychologists (Class AA, I should be a worthy, any name of character, phobias, anti-social complexes, and unrepentant dramatic protest.

Maybe I am, too. But countless of studies are as respectable. After all, it's one of those things that even your best friends won't tell you



Are afraid of the world situation? Brother, when we're in danger, we keep as cool as our teeth chatter. • *Advice-to-the-Love-Lorn* Remember that romance is to marriage what champagne is to an operation . . . after a while, you wake up. • *Domestic Department* The man who first said that money talks probably started it. • *Financial Section* When a man loses his capital, his pet is often the first to lose interest. • Which reminds us that we know a man whose wife takes all his money . . . the funny thing, so to speak. • And, while we're on the subject, may we suggest to housewives a recipe to cope with rising prices? Take an egg, no butter, no sugar, no flour, no milk and tell your husband that there'll be no cake. • *Discovery pointed by our contributors* One of the greatest labor-saving devices of today is tomorrow. • *Sign for restaurateurs* "Mary had a little lamb; what will you have?" • "Protection for Bird Engines," reads a newspaper heading . . . what the witch do they need protection for, they don't have to pay \$75 for a haircut. • *Cafe Chatter Corner* Among the things often opened by romance is the mouth. • Thus leading us naturally to remark that alcohol is a liquid for preserving almost everything but secrets. • *Sporting delight* Our sports editor complains that he was struck by a golf ball driven by a woman . . . so, even on a golf course, you're not safe from women-driven, eh? • *News Flash* A domestic Sydney-sider is reported to have requested the Income Tax Department to please send him a duplicate two-reel edger; his two-year-old son ate the first one. • *Accidental Intelligence* Suggested son for a Turkish Bath, "Blonde Proof Shaker." • *Things-We-Seldom-Do* Home-Made Department: States a U.S. news flash "In Australia, a non-battling woman named a house as co-dependently the judge granted her a divorce." . . . must have been one of those top Aussie sport experts didn't get right out of the horse's mouth. • *Birth, Star & Child* born somewhere inside the Arctic Circle on January 8, 1945, was named Anastasia Bernadovna Kysheba . . . probably better known to the Russians as "Babe." • *Tush-Tush-Tush* Display card in a Portland, Oregon (U.S.) store reads "Maternity Fashions For The Modern Mom" . . . huh?

OUR SHORT STORY Send my warmest glow-words to another glow-word. "Oh, Gert, I feel so embarrassed, for the instant I've been making passes at a signpost last."

KATH OF KING KISMET COWS

MEN OF THE SICKLE MOON

• BY ROL RELEAN AND CYDNEY RELEMAN •



A STRANGE CONCOINCE
HAPPENED AT THE CITY BEACH
ON THE DAY OF THE GREAT STRIKE



MEANWHILE AT KISMET
THE STRIKE WAS ON
AND THE CITY WAS
A BUSTLING PLACE
ON THE DAY OF THE GREAT STRIKE



TEUCHO EXPLAINS HE'S OFF TO A NEUTRAL ISLAND TO CONSIDER THE SITUATION.

COMING UP, KATH - SHE'S ALL WED - PLenty OF LOCAL SENSORS ...



ON THE STAIRS OF THE HOUSE, KATH MEETS THE WARTER IN HIS NIGHT DRESS. A SHED LOCK IN YOUR JAWBONE - THAT'S A WINTER-TIME TRICK ...



THE BURNING TELEGRAMS ARE A TO WARDEN, DELIVERED FROM A WARNING THROUGH THE HILLS ...



... AND IN THE VILLAGE OF ... THE DISTRICT OFFICER ...



AT THE AIR-STRIP, KATH AND TEUCHO LINE UP WITH A REPUTEDLY SENSITIVE ...



... IT'S DARK NOW ... SHE CAN'T SEE ALONE ...



TWO CAME OUT AND STILL NO CLUES EVEN KATH IS WORKING HARD ...



THE DISTRICT OFFICER ... KATH ... HAVEN'T WORKED THAT KATH AND TEUCHO HAVE DECIDED ...



A BOMBING CRASHES AROUND HERE IN FORTY THREE ... KATH ...



HOPING EVERY ONE WATCHES ... THE BOMBING ...



BEASTING WOMEN OUT AND BEATING ... THEY ...



RELAXED IN HER SHELTER, KATH ...



WITHOUT WARNING, THE
TWO MEN BURST UPON HER
FROM THE THICKLED FOREST.



A CANNIBAL FIST CRASHED
DOWN ON HER HEAD, AND
REVENGERS' A SUTURAL
VOICE MUTTERED:



THE WONDERS STARED
INDIGNANTLY AT HIS
WORTHY PRESENTATION.



"DARK, DARK!" "LET THE
SUN DO AWAY THE MOON."
BOTH THE MEN LAUGHED
REVERTING TO A BASHY
SOUND: "HUR!"



THO WITH TALK, BLOOD
BATH WONDERS DEEPENED.
BUT WHAT WAS
BEHIND THEIR TONGUES?



THERE IS ONLY ONE CLUE
TO KNOW. TRUCK SHOULD
BE HERE WITHOUT
SUCH A LONG DELAY.



WELL, RUSHED, TRUCK CAN
FIND NO TRACE OR TRAIL.



A BARELY WONDERS
STAPLED KATH FROM HER
THOUGHTS: "HURRY!"



KATH DIDN'T NEED TO
GUESS THAT SHE HADN'T
SEEN THE ONLY ONE TO BE
HIGHLY INTERESTED.



"AND YOU, TOO, POOR MITE."

BUT THERE'S NO TIME TO
DO ANYTHING. KATH FEELS
BAD OUTSIDE THE HUT.



DEACONED OUTSIDE, KATH
FEELS THE NEW MAN
TRYING TO TALK.



AN UNBELIEVABLE PULSE
STAPLED KATH FROM HER
THOUGHTS: "HURRY!"



A QUIVER OF FEARS SHAKES
BATH ...



"THE BRIDE OF THE ARROW
SPOKE - THE BRIDE WOULD
GIVE YOU BRIDE WED
CLOTH"



"WITH ONE STROKE, THE
ARROW HALL WAS BURNED
AND CHILD THE KOTHO
LIFE LOST"



"THE BUCKEROOM COMES"
KATHY REARS THE
KONTOLLU HOWL ...



KATHY EYES BACK A SON
OF HONOR - THE MAN WHO
GAVE THE CHILD TO THE
KONTOLLU IS THE O'S
HONOR



TRAPPED IN THE BLACK
MOUTH OF THE JUNGLE
TWO MEN WERE LOST
IN THE DARK ...



THE KONTOLLU HOWL
WILL GO ON ...



BUT WITH A BRUTAL CRASH
A FLASH OF LIGHTNING
LIGHTNING FLASHES ...



IT'S NO WONDER AN EAGLE
SEARCH PARTY
THE ASSISTANT O'S
REACHED ONTO TRUTH ...



WHAT'S ALL THIS? WING -



THE BUCKEROOM HE
WREATH WITH US



DECIDES THEIR OFFICE
LIGHTS THE BURNING
CAMPED HOME





WHILE A SCOPED AND
THEY WERE NOT
LAST OF THE BULLS ON
YOU



THEY'RE MAD... THEY'RE
BOTH MAD



I SUSPECTED WHEN HE
MENTIONED THE LEGION
HE SHOULD HAVE KNOWN
WHETHER HE WAS TO USE
OR BUILD ALIVE
CONSIDERABLY



I KNEW HE WAS GOING
TOWARDS... BUT I DON'T
THINK HE'D GO FAR



... WE WERE UNDER VERY NEW
MINDS... BECAUSE A LOT
THAT... CHARTERED... HE
WAS... WHEN... MY
ADD TO... NEW... AREA



POOR LITTLE... BECAUSE
... A... A
... A... A

Where No White Man Could Live

For 150 years the Choroites
Indians of Brazil were implacable
enemies to the white man.

The Choroites are probably the
wildest men in the world. For a century
and a half any white man who
entered their territory disappeared.
Despite this continued and murderous
hatred, Brazil's Indian Protection
Service has converted their hostility to
murdering, at a cost of some of their
own lives only, their motto being
"Never, for peace, make
names" (Die if necessary, kill never).

This former service, founded by
Colonel London early in this century,
had pacified many of Brazil's Indians
when he retired in 1940. But
the Choroites still remained unfettered.

The Choroites live in the Mato
rosso country across the River of the
Dead. Their ancestry dates back to
1786 when the Portuguese Governor
started their Chief of the Choroites
to visit his headquarters for a "treaty
of friendship." He expected a delegation
of a hundred or so, but the
Choroites accepted his invitation
literally, and all who could turned up.
The town of Goas was soon overrun
by naked savages. They helped
themselves to food from private
houses, invaded every nook and
cranny, leaving behind the stinking
smell of the remains of fish oil and
the juice of the urucum berry with
which they painted their bodies
against mosquitoes.

The Portuguese panicked and 3,500
Choroites were killed. That left an
inferable stain on their tribal re-
putation. They had been invited to a
party, and then massacred.



The enemy remained until so late
as 1941 when the Protection Service
went to work. Various parties penet-
rated the territory and on each one
one or more of them met death at the
hands of the Choroites. At last time
the Choroites attacked the Service's
base camp and massacred 20 men.
Despite uproar in Rio, the Service
refused to make reprisals.

Within a short decade the Choro-
ites realized that the white man
were not their enemies. The tribal
memory was effaced. Today you join
a passenger plane for the River of the
Dead as calmly as you would board a
plane for any Australian town.

That is, perhaps, an extreme ex-
ample of the fruits of co-operation.
Here, in Australia, Life Assurance
provides us with a far greater if less
radical example of the same thing.
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these million Australians together for
their mutual protection and profit.
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own and his family's future, he also
protects that of all his fellow mem-
bers, while additionally their collec-
tive savings are invested for the bene-
fit of Australia as a whole. Because
co-operation must breed security and
understanding every Australian must
benefit from Life Assurance.

(Advt.)

JUST AN OLD

He nipped the Jap's wrist in a Judo hand-grip

NIP CUSTOM

THE BULLY-BOYS OF THE BLACK DRAGON SOCIETY
HAD A TASTE FOR TATTOO ... WHICH WAS TOO BAD

BYRON HAYEN • FICTION



THREE'S a full, square here built—up off a cotton main street in Tokyo. It's very cool inside. The sort of coolness that chills your spine and sends all sorts of odd questions shuddering around in your brain. The sort of coolness that makes the most innocent feel guilty. The long, echoing passageways that forced through via built, like the veins of a crawling monster, are packed with offices with ergonomic, obnoxious signs over the doorways. In fact, the whole building has the pleasant, pleasing or terrifying

Walk down the long L-shaped corridor that runs along the front of the building; then turn sharply to the left rear, and you'll come to a room that looks one word over its window.

It's on the fifth floor. And the word is—"QUIET!" which conveys a lot and conveys nothing to the outsider, that is. But to those who know the intricacies of that room, it holds a wealth of meaning.

Just turn the door handle and you'll notice that the two tables and three chairs are arranged in a peculiar manner. The table that dominates the room is a dark, varnished one with a brooding air as if the timber held the key to many terrifying secrets. It's the one that faces you as you step in. The high-backed

sewing chair behind it is quite conspicuous.

To your right as you stand in the doorway is a smaller table, lightly built and newly varnished, a touch of reverence to the old timer. A shagreen and leather upholster chair is its seating accommodation.

The third chair is small and low set and faces the central dark table.

It's about that. Of your sharpness that you notice the lighting set-up. Now, if you were seated in that chair, the sun would hit with unbridled severity on the ending of the desk or straight at the corner of your eyes. You wouldn't be able to stop your eyes straying to the powerful and flexible table lamp that stood on the end of the desk. And you wouldn't be able to stop yourself calculating mentally how closely the fatal severity of the lamp could be concentrated on the occupant of that chair.

So it's only natural, after becoming slowly depressed by the atmosphere of the building, that you would picture the occupants of such a den in some kind of morose revelation.

That's where you'd make the first of a series of mistakes, because the two men who inhabit the den are very ordinary looking individuals. In reality, the secret is not in act of making victory. These two are

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specialists at the old-fashioned game which has been the forte of the counter-intelligence men for centuries — the "ain't-no-one-but-me-here-ain't-a-fun-tryin'" technique.

Colonel "John" Bull is a real, square Englishman. He's the perfect combination of what Europeans like to refer to as "real English." He's twenty, however, smokes a feed pipe and talks like someone inviting Bertie Wooster on a small town motor tour home.

His eyes are blue and normally blank—just as the sky is on a fine, spring day. He's constantly proud of his Georgian mountaineer with its wheel and like twin marine spigots. It also serves to break up the dorsal line, hiding the determination on the tight, straight lips.

Which is all the better because this man is a Don of the Black Belt of Judea, an expert conversant; speaks, reads and writes several Oriental languages; and is considered by experts to be the combining of an authority on the Far East.

To those who don't really know him he's considered clever in a mean sort of way.

The co-writer, Captain "Twinkle" Starr, is the natural complement to his chief. He's precise in his actions and concise in his speech, witty as he's sallow and sleek. Finally, he resembles an atomic atom. Physically, he's undernourished, underweight and under-developed. But mentally he's a giant, equipped with a knowledge of the Eastern mind that makes almost speed to some . . . scored perhaps his playmate, Bull.

Now, if you had a device that enabled you to peep on those gay walls, to look into that office without disturbing the occupants and a device that related their conversa-

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So, you would see and hear something like this—

"There's definitely a leak somewhere. Twink!"

"Oh? A leak, sir?"

"Yes. You know, things you get in business are'nt' dreams are'nt' things you have, though, in a last perfect moment, man, we still haven't got a fix on this Koro Damazo. We know for certain that he checked in at Mitsubishi II, but the shadow we put on him leaves him and comes back with a description that could fit at least a million Japs."

"Hogon he's hooked up with the Damazos. After all, it's that Cultural and Educational Headquarters. There's what they call it, anyway. Sounds to me as if we're back where we started from. We know he's back from Moscow, we even know he's somewhere in Tokyo. But where? How? What's he up to? There's the things we've got to find out. And quickly!"

The Colonel stared absently at the ceiling. "Well, there's only one thing for it, me boy."

He swung his chair around and walked over to the safe at the end of the wall at his left. Keys jangled, handles clicked, covers fell and the safe was open. As he rummaged inside it, his voice boomed back. "We'll just have to go back through everything we've got." And he turned and dropped an awful of manila folders, large envelopes and clipped-together documents on his table.

"My God," muttered Storr, "we've been through that stuff so often that we know it almost word for word. We can't have overlooked anything there. We need a fresh lead of some sort."

"There's just it, me gallopin' Captain. In going over that stuff so many times we've probably overlooked something. If we stay here

from now till Thursday week, we'll stand to find something. Now look, you take that lot," he pushed a pile over to Storr. . . . and I'll take these. Concentrate on Damazo, my man—manners, physical state, language ability, anything. Don't forget his friends, if any. We may be able to get at him through them. O.K."

"Twink!" nodded, they set to work.

Each man had a secret post and point beside him. Methodically, they set to work to tell Koro Damazo, Japanese-born, Moscow-trained subtle counter, shadowy figure behind the re-surgence of Jap militarism and reactionism, beyond the destiny of half a score of CIE G-men intelligence corps men, behind the crippling industrial struts that were crumpled the country, behind the brutally handled political "damocles" throughout Russia.

The clock ticked on. No secret broke the stillness save the occasional scratch of a match or cigarette as pipe was lit, or the rattle of papers being sorted. It was just on eight that night when Hall pushed everything away to one side and slowly filled his pipe.

Storr blew nervously long smoke rings and waited for his chest to speak.

Hall pulled Storr's hat over to him and checked it. "What he over-checked his eyes."

"Hm-mm," he mused, "I think . . . yes, I think, at last, we've hit on something. Tell us compared to the word Jap . . . speaks English fluently with very good accent . . . Japs are in considerably only . . . Japs are a slightly subordinate that's a . . . out of the seven words he did in paper, I guess, when he was recruited from the Jap Army? . . . definitely . . . toward me . . ."

CANALADE, GUYANA, 1951

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Headquarters London
Ed. Meth. 1937

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The Pelman Institute, with the approval of the New Zealand Board, has made arrangements to make provision of New Zealand for the Pelman course of training without delay. Write to the New Zealand Pelman Institute.

Care to join me in an old task?" "Couldn't think of anything to like better at present, sir." "Good! Let's rally forth and start the old toasts. After we've put a couple back we may be strong enough to tackle a chop. Eh?" And he dumped Storr on the sofa.

Mary Wainwright's ordinary was beating out "Tokyo Boogie." The air was blue with cigarette smoke, divided with perfume, and thick enough to cut blocks out of it as well as Hollywood for movie sets. Clapping started on the lights little dance floor, workers moved from table to table, one climbed on tall plant, Adam's apple bobbed continuously. It was quite a sight in the Foreign Correspondents' Club, just three blocks down the road from the Supreme Commander's headquarters.

The bar was a constant stream of noise. A few seats were occupied and interrupted, occasionally through the noise, the heavy beam of excited conversation could be heard the ready address of Japs speaking English. Despite the atmosphere of conviviality there was an air of business, of expectancy, about the place. Everybody was waiting, it seemed, for something to happen, for somebody to appear.

Ken Wade, an agency man, rolled up to Colonel Bull.

"Hey, Colonel. What's coming off tonight? Is it right that the 'Big Boy' himself is coming to say a few words? We've heard that he's going to state his attitude on the Commie party in Japan. Is he? How about your big on someone like. Come on, stand, open up."

Bull waved a deferential hand.

"Well, Ken! The 'Big Boy' as you call him hasn't reached the stage when he takes me into his confidence.

... but not too obviously." He glanced up at Storr. "We must be dignified, old boy, really we must. All this gals on him and we've gone straight past it."

"Of course," he added in explanation. "I realize we were looking for an organization before. And not a man."

"Listen to this," he continued earnestly. "Was a newspaperman before entering Staff College . . . returned to journalism on release from prison . . . ran Comm newspaper . . . then disappeared from sight (that's his first trip to Moscow, hi hi!) . . . returned via Seoul (Barrington paid for his food up there, remember?) . . . and he's been playing merry hell ever since."

He became silent, stared at the ceiling and pulled nervously at his pipe.

It was then that Storr leapt across the desk and said: "Look, sir, I've got an idea. It might not work out. But not again it may. It's worthwhile trying anyway. We know Barrington is the sort of bloke who keeps his finger on the pulse personally, doesn't trust the important stuff to henchmen. So, what do you say we arrange . . ."

Colonel Bull listened very attentively. He interrupted twice only. Then enthusiastically. When Storr had finished he slapped his open palm on the desk. "I think you've hit on it, me boy," he said.

His Battle Woundlessness dropped off him temporarily and left him a beamed man. "That's it. It should make him as like a moth to a candle."

They pushed their chairs back, stacked the documents onto the side and departed. Bull turned to Storr.

"Don't fret, old fellow. All this last work, y' know. Must have been."

TO THE PELMAN INSTITUTE,
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Please send me, free and post free, a copy of "The Efficient Mind."

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All I know is that I've been arrested for a social evening.

"You," . . . the phone seemed to place him . . . "a small evening. And very small at it as you'd notice it was back around. Ah, which time?"

A Jap waiter was going round the bar handing a small glass and saying sweetly: "Will the newspaper gentlemen please go on Back Room?" Will newspaper gentlemen . . .

Glenns clattered on the bar like a rattled valley. They started to file on through the big double doors. Starr jumped Bull as he stood aside to allow the main stream through. They didn't exchange a word.

Starr nodded. Bull buried his mouth in his affectionately. They moved in. Bull's dozen waiters were serving cocktails. Journalists were standing round in small groups. The Japs were conspicuously leaning on every word that was thrown to them. The conversation was a tested item.

Suddenly glass crashed on the floor, linked to a melancholy echo.

A tray made small whirling noise as it rolled towards a corner. Everyone turned to look. (People always do when glasses are dropped.)

Bull was wiping his hand—flushing—and muttering to the Jap waiter, "Send someone . . . some more!" ("The more").

The waiter was lining something unrecognizable—a conglomeration of the waiter's spiky fingers—and hovering himself away with deeply averted head.

But Bull wasn't being misled. It's a trick the Jap learned early in the occupation, the concealment of true feelings behind a bland, smiling mask—except the Jap carried it one step further.

Now the head deeply and nobody near the flash of naked breast, the back-driven lips. For the moment

displacement in the world would find it hard to accept instantly a tray of cocktails splashed and splattered from them to know.

Somebody retrieved the tray; other waiters were picking up glasses. The head waiter was back-looking now, the other waiter who'd been the center of it all was moving to the doorway that led to the small room at the rear of the buffet-room-bar.

Bull went, nodded shortly to Starr. They converged on the doorway, Bull leading. They entered the room quietly. The Jap had his cane off.

"It was a rotten heap on the table . . . he was sweating at his soaked shirt with a hot towel. He turned as he heard the two CIC men enter. For a second he froze, then paged with surprise and pain at Bull, with a turning head-ship, brought his wrist and forearm into the light. A long, crimson-netted pattern with a broad purple line was revealed. Scarpa-like against the brown cloth.

A smothered breath and the Jap had broken the hold, was turning, his eyes desperately seeking a way out. There was none. He was on his toes now, slender hunched ready to co-ordinate, hands coming up to chest level, spread flat, the stance of the trained Jule man.

Starr stood back. He was black, but the only one . . . and he'd always wanted to watch his chest really in action. A hunchy grunt and the Jap struck. He struck air! For a first instant he lost balance. He was stopped, crashed to the floor with a shoulder throw, crapped and pinched, groped and tumbled almost before he'd raised his bladder. Bull took the Jap by the arm and dragged him, near too gently, to his feet. He wouldn't have known a smile out, the Jap was sweating

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I LIE at its worst. Owner K. Jovan, of Manila (U.S.) was carrying his black-and-white bride over the threshold of their love nest when he tripped and broke his cable. A San Francisco Marriage Report had to cancel his lecture on "How To Be Happy Though Married", had been subpoenaed to answer his wife's suit for divorce. And a London flat dweller told his home in a huff, hanging the door behind him. The front of the building collapsed.

"Come, Demetrius-son, we've got a nice little apartment, just for you. You're going to be our honored guest for a long time. Until you say 'hello' to Jack Ketch, that is." He grinned mischievously. "This is your September song, Keno Demetrius-son. Let's go."

All the lights had left Keno Demetrius-son. His shoulders humped in the long objection of Oriental acceptance of defeat. Suddenly, he heard what might have been an apology . . . or a curse at himself. Then he accepted the inevitable . . . and there was a shade of admiration in his skewed-eye for one who was a grandson of Ben of the Bell down any intestine of the Black Dragon Clan. They went.

Now returning Colonel "John" Ball was explaining the whole thing to the Skipper.

"Nothing to it, really, eh. It was Star's idea all the way through. Part of the whole show was im-

prompted, of course. But, basically, the scheme was that. In going through the way that Star's we had on the whole one of the things that came out—and had been done, of over . . . and caused a down town before—was the fact that he was an older circle Black Dragon boy. That was during the period he was a staff officer, naturally. And, knowing what we do about that outfit, it was possible to predict that he'd either have that damn great tattoo on his arm, or, like the SS boys in Germany, he'd have some hair dyed to have it colored.

"Originally we were going to round up everyone who bore a resemblance to the sketchy description we had. But, to get right down to them, Star was right. A press conference where the 'Big Boy' was supposed to turn up did much here in. Sporting him was a matter of routine. Really. But I had to get that out of. And what's better than a great trophy of drinks? Even though I despise the work of so much good liquor. You know the rest.

"Still, as a point of interest, he'd used some shockingly crude and on the whole much worse even the cooking of collisions didn't beautify. I went again though, sir, that it was all Star's work. He's the brains of our outfit, y'know."

"Still planning that tea, John?"
"Who? Me? It's no line, sir. Got no brains, but I do have a lot of fun trying." He gathered up the papers spread out on the desk and slid them into his brief case. "Eh, ha, ha, ha, be all. Must have been. Always have been at eleven. Finish the business, y'know. Cheers, sir."

"Cheers, John."
The brigadier's eyes had a twinkle as he watched the stout square figure out of sight.

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finger the PHANTOM

STALLARD JONES

• FICTION



It took Old Man Moneybags a time to recognize his cloaked robber.

OLD MAN MONEYBAGS. That was what he was called when spoken of by the inhabitants of Cadaver Valley. To his face, he was called Mister Moneybags.

Small, gray, plump and round-shouldered, all the features of his face slightly bulbous, his blue eyes twinkled and crinkled, he was famed throughout the valley for his ability to detect correctly upon the personalities of any absent individual who, paradoxical, was the subject of a conversation.

Men marveled at the ability of Old Man Moneybags's. What color is Jeff Oliver's eyes, blue? No, gray, is Ralph Bishop right or left-handed? Left-handed. Which breast pocket does Henry Fisher carry his spectacles in? Right.

"Why I can't even tell you offhand," one individual would say to another, "where picture is on a dollar bill?" For twenty odd years, Old Man Moneybags had run a general merchandise store at Tadpole Crossing, a spot centrally located in the valley,

and so turned because here the main road and only creek of the valley crossed.

To-night—dark of a February Saturday—as was his custom at the end of a week, Old Man Moneybags, by the light of a dimly bulb suspended from the overhead ceiling, stood cradling his cash register. Suddenly, his shadow fell across the counter, bobbing grotesquely with his movement, white shadow, still and gray, filled the corner, nooks and crannies of the store. It was out of one of these still and gray nooks that there now suddenly materialized a dark, moving shadow—a huge, black bearded-face thing, the height of a tall man.

It might have been a dark shade lingering in some corner of the warehouse and gradually materialized itself into the circle of light. But it was a shadow with a shadow that lengthened and distorted itself grotesquely as it moved further from the pedestal. It advanced like a dark, motionless cloud.

Suddenly, then moved toward Old Man Moneybags. Probably sensing his presence, Old Man Moneybags glanced up. His eyes widened. He thrust his round, gray head forward to peer.

"Just take it easy, Old Fellow," came a wheezy whisper. "Don't get excited and start something I'll have to smash home your hands!"

By this time the dark, shadowy man had come within the circle of light cast by the dimly bulb. Hardly recognizable as such, definitely, the thing was a man, nevertheless.

A black, cloaklike affair, falling from beneath a black hat, draped his entire body. Through two small holes cut in the cloak, his eyes glinted like ice reflecting a red, swirling sun. Through a slit in the right front of the cloak, a black-gloved fist poked,

holding a gun as black as the cloth. "I said, 'warn your hands!'" came the wheezy whisper again. "Don't stand there staring!"

Slowly, still staring, Old Man Moneybags moved his hands. The black-shirted man advanced until his body front touched the counter.

"Now take the rest of the money out of that machine and place it so that already on the counter, then hand it all to me," directed the wheezy whisper.

Obediently, Old Man Moneybags began to take bills out of the cash register drawer. Black-and-baldy leaned across the counter and watched to see that all compartments were cleared. Then Old Man Moneybags placed the bills from the cash register on the ones already on the counter, and took up the stack.

Through a slit on the left front of the cloak, Black-and-baldy's left hand emerged, black-gloved, and reached to remove the money. Old Man Moneybags placed it in Black-and-baldy's outstretched hand. An instant later he had grasped the fingers of that hand suddenly and bent them the way they weren't made to be bent. They popped and cracked.

Bravely, Black-and-baldy leaned out with the gun. It struck Old Man Moneybags's round, gray head just over the left ear. He crumpled backward his counter . . .

Under the dimly bulb suspended from the ceiling over Old Man Moneybags's cash register, the quiet face of the Sheriff of Cadaver Valley worked. It was now past midnight. Old Man Moneybags, himself, had 'phoned the sheriff after arriving from the blow on the head.

"You sure the man's from the valley here," Old Man Moneybags was saying. "He knew I kept my money for the week here in the cash register,

A WARNING
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At about 30 years of age most men show a marked decline in virility and vigor. At the same time, due to the constant wear, they gradually develop a nervous tension and associated irritability. They can usually no sleep and are disturbed in their daily behavior. They are very sensitive to nervous diseases, and are unable to concentrate, and even if there is a transient decrease in virility, this change is not enough to enable the body. Quite frequently these symptoms appear at the age of 25 and there are really none at men up to the age of 60 who have lost their powers.

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Also, he was disguised beyond all recognition. He even spoke in a whisper."

²How much did you say he got?

continued... [page 2 of 2](#)

*Around twelve hundred dollars.

"And you don't think you'd be able to recognize him if he walked right in here now?" the sign-off said.

"I'm afraid not," admitted Ole Blue Monaghan with a sigh. "The only thing I know about him is that the fingers of his left hand are missing."

"There isn't much. Unless they have swirled, you can't tell whether a man's flagon is sprayed by looking at them. Say you hint the bookworm?"

"I'll tell you what," said the sheriff currently. "To-morrow and next day I'll go walking about the valley. If I see any evildoer, I'll investigate the crime thoroughly."

"That might work," Oz Man Minnetyan agreed. "Anyhow, that's about as much as you can do. Meanwhile, I'll be observant here in the place."

Sunday arrived and passed and Monday afternoon came. As yet, neither the sheriff of Cashew Valley nor Ole Man Moneybags had spotted a suspect.

During the week-end, word of the robbery had spread over the valley. This Monday afternoon, Tedjo's Crossing teemed with motorists. Outside the Men Monestep's general merchandise store, a drama was being enacted, and the bank took on local with useful forms. Men stood about in small groups, talking in hush-hush tones. After all, the perpetrator of the crime was amongst them unknown.

Inside the store, more substantial
method, buying sugar coffee, sharing
ing, cinnamon, print cloth, shoes

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WOOD residues will soon be produced (R&M) get, less a profit at Wilson Dam, Alabama (U.S.) Rice material will be wood wastes from forestry and several operate them. The U.S. Forest Products Laboratory already has a wood residues plant operating at Wisconsin. Both plants will be used to produce cattle feed. Experiments have proved that livestock residues is not only economical to produce, but also provides excellent feed value.

points and home business. Here and there scanning Ole Man Monaghan, waiting in this customer, waiting on that customer, and observing the fingers of the left hand of such as he did so. Now he wrapped up a pound of loose coffee for Elijah Bishop.

"He too had about what happened," remarked Bishop.

"Thank you," Ole Man Monaghan replied.

WE REGRET that during the recent waterfront dispute we were unable to send the June, July and August issues of "Cavalade" to New Zealand.

However, copies of these issues are available on application with remittance from the Publishers, "Cavalade," 35 Young Street, Sydney, Australia.

"You say whoever it was with a black hat and a black cloak?"

Ole Man Monaghan nodded his round, grey head—studying the fingers of Bishop's left hand.

"I'll bet he knows you well, who ever he is, all right," continued Bishop. "That's why he coveted it that way. He was afraid you would be able to recognize him later if he only used something over his face."

Then big Bill Jackson brought a pair of cravats. "Here's your head, Mister Monaghan?" he inquired.

"It looks better to-day, thank you," Ole Man Monaghan glanced at the fingers of the left hand of Big Bill Jackson.

"I know he was as big as I," continued Jackson.

"I think he had on a heavy overcoat under the cloak," replied Ole Man Monaghan. His blue eyes twinkled.

Then came Zeke Belsford, who asked for a plug of chewing tobacco, remembering. "Thank you were rebuked Saturday night. How say else you who does it?"

"I'm afraid not," sighed Ole Man Monaghan, wearily. He looked at the fingers of Belsford's left hand.

"From what I hear, he was as smart as people say you are," Belsford continued. "I don't believe you'll ever catch him!"

Belsford drew his wallet from his right hip pocket, slipped a bill out with his thumb, and crinkled it in toward Ole Man Monaghan.

"There was an eager glint in his merry eyes."

He round, grey head thrust forward, Ole Man Monaghan just stood there, staring steadily at Belsford. "You couldn't see now," Ole Man Monaghan said. "You rebuked me!"

Suddenly, there was quiet in the waiting room.

"What has?" laughed Belsford. "Accuse me of rebuking him Saturday night?"

"It was you!" said Ole Man Monaghan, his voice rising. "I can prove it. Show!"

Belsford jumped into the crowd. He didn't get far, however. Many hands caught and held him, and pushed him back to face Ole Man Monaghan.

"Let's see if Mister Monaghan can prove it!" several men said.

The sheriff shouldered through. Quickly he glanced at the fingers of Belsford's left hand. Then he looked at Ole Man Monaghan. "Are—are you sure, Mister Monaghan?"

"Are I dare it, all right," said Belsford. "I don't guess there's any one dares it. The old bastard has recognized me some way. I was afraid of that. I'll give him his money!"

"Is his finger now?" asked the sheriff and. "How—I mean?"

"I know his fingers aren't swollen," said Ole Man Monaghan. "I doubt if his fingers are even now. But they have been. During my life I've observed that once a man starts carrying his wallet in a certain pocket, he seldom changes that pocket unless there's a reason for doing so. As long as I've known Zeke Belsford, he has carried his wallet in his left pocket. Just now he pulled it from his right hip pocket!"

Ole Man Monaghan's halberd features curved with a smile and his light eyes twinkled and twinkled. "What better reason would you want to, that than spread fingers of the left hand?"

Lodge this form with your local agent or bookseller or post to the Subscription Department, CAVALCADE Magazine, 35 Young Street, Sydney.

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Talking Points

LOST LOOT . . .

When Hitler and his Nazi vandals swept across Europe, they pilloled and looted like the Huns whose descendants they were. Some of these—German, especially—acquired a belated taste for art treasures . . . which made Italy one of their biggest hunting grounds. As the Allies advanced, many of the Nazis buried the treasures they had pilloled. Italians had others to save them from the Germans. Cedric Belfrage was with the advancing Allied troops in Italy and, in his last-story "Dog-for Jeff's Soul" he describes some of the human finds that were made. And what makes his article the more interesting are the hints at clues of what treasures there may still remain to be found.

JUDO-INKIE . . .

This month "Crusade" introduces . . . in fiction form though it is . . . an authentic glimpse of another little-known work in Japan. Bruce Haven who made both Japan and Korea his stamping ground until lately, presents a new character . . . Colonel "John" Hall . . . who "won't get any braver, you know, old man", but who seems somehow always to be on the right spot at the right moment to do the right thing. "Crusade" suggests that you'll want to hear more about Hall . . . and Haven hints that his hero-child is not likely to be killed at birth.

RAILROADED . . . ?

A new angle on the history of Ben Hall—famous or infamous—however you care to look at it!—an Australian bushranger made, is presented by Lester Way in his article, "Was Ben Hall Framed?" Way poses the question whether Hall was a born criminal and killer or whether he was kidnapped despite himself into a life of violence.

NEXT MONTH . . .

For November, CAVALCADE has something really out of the box to offer. For sports and sportsmen, Frank Swaine—very appropriately—reviews some pleasant (or, perhaps, not-so-pleasant) memories of the Melbourne Cup. For historians (novelists and otherwise), Edward Anderson reviews a forgotten novel club which once made the Tamers even sterner than usual, while Lester Way has a foot-note of courage, barbarism and fantasy in the Canadian novel. Glen Leigh—his first column looking newspaper work—contributes a sketch of the Noble King of Queensland . . . perhaps the wildest-worried bushranger who ever cut a purse. For fiction, there is a neat warlike by Paul Graham, filled with the colour and the pulse of the Orient, a Kipling-type story of an Australian Mowgli . . . Member of the Territory, and another Miss Gray story "Home of the Tiger."

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